

The Bowler

1914



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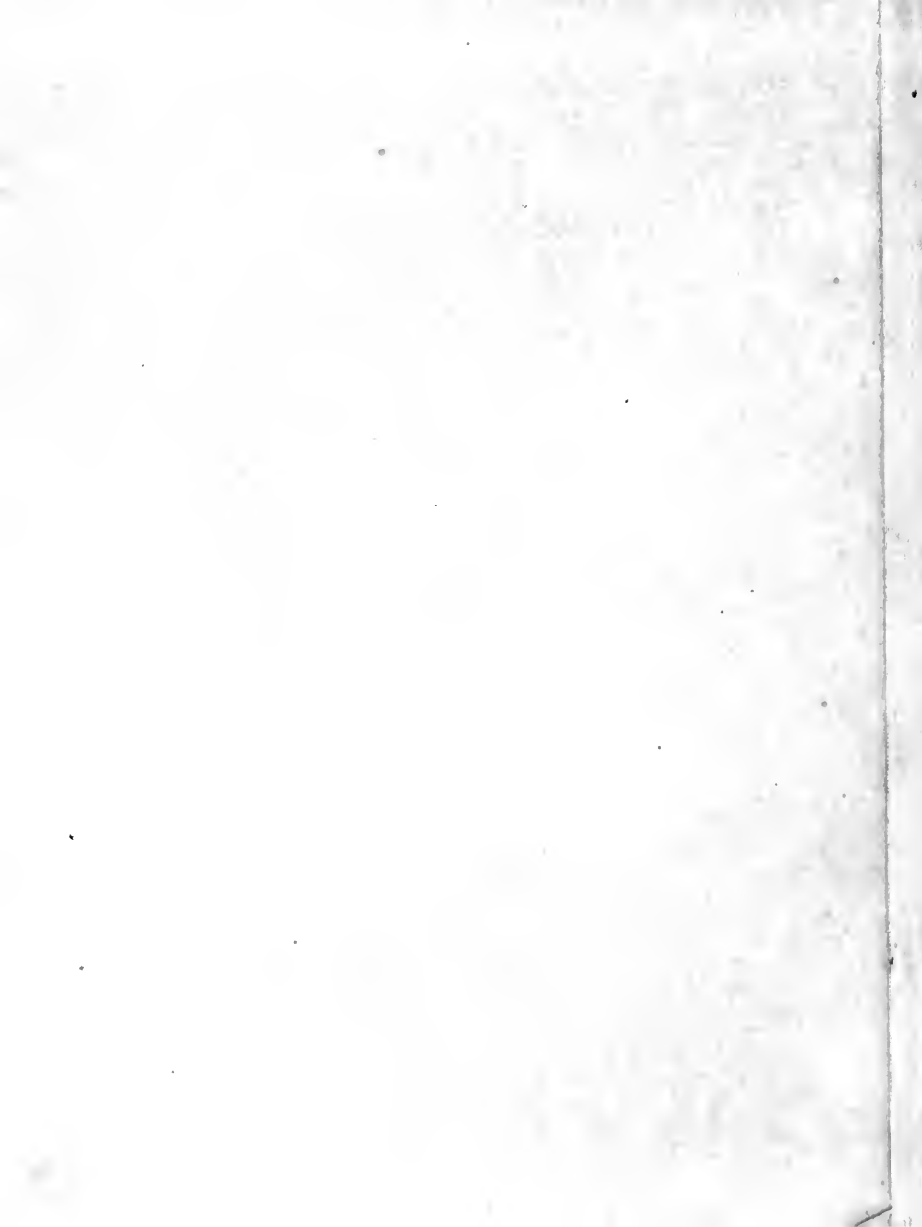


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THE HOWLER

Volume Thirteen

Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen



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THE HOWLER

1915

VOLUME
THIRTEEN



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THE NEW CHURCH

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TO
THOMAS WALTER BICKETT

CLASS 1910

ON EVERY LEVEL OF A BRILLIANT CAREER

STUDENT, TEACHER, LAWYER
ATTORNEY-GENERAL

STANDING IN THE MIDST
OF A HOST OF
FRIENDS

Thomas Walter Bickett

It is good for a political party to receive an effusion of new blood occasionally, "to break in a new horse." That is what the Democratic party did when it nominated Bickett for Attorney-General in 1908. He was born in Union County in 1869, but had not been born into politics till the suffrage amendment had been in existence for several years. Bickett was a man of whom no one could say that he "had served the party in the dark days." No friend ventured to say that the party "owed" him any "political debt." He was nominated solely on one ground—his vigorous ability which the lawyers of the State had recognized in his addresses before the Bar Association.

The public did not know him till he made the notable speech nominating Colonel Ashley Horne for Governor. The Bar Association already knew him. His nominating speech showed the party that a young David had come among them. It nominated him for Attorney-General, told him to enter the campaign, and thrust his sickle into the grain.

The Kitchin-Craig campaign had been fought with much bitterness. It was one of those critical moments in a party's history when the rift may become dangerous. Bickett entered that campaign as the friend of all parties. From the mountains to the seashore he salved the wounds. All the Craig men were for Kitchin, and four years later all the Kitchin men were for Craig. That is the peculiarity about Bickett's campaigning. He mollifies, but does not ruffle. He can ridicule the Republican party, but he does it in such a genial, good-natured way that a Republican will laugh at it. His description of how Roosevelt had to call upon Ben Tillman to secure his railway legislation was rich, rare and racy. This rich humor strikes one as fresh and invigorating. Like Aycock, he can strike, and strike hard—but you like the man all the same.

He possesses the gifts that make a successful lawyer. He is quick to see the point and to go to the heart of the matter. He does not care to carry a case to the courthouse when it can be settled on the outside. As Attorney-General he has been called upon to appear in some important cases. His description of the so-called dissolution of the American Tobacco Company was so apt that the cartoonists used it throughout the country. Another notable case was that of railway rate legislation—a question that has been settled, and will probably remain so for several years in North Carolina.

Probably the brightest of his speeches was made before the North Carolina Club in New York. Especially fine was his tribute to the Boys' Corn Clubs of North Carolina.

Bickett is not a lawyer simply. He feeds on the best books. He is fond of political and constitutional history and stacks his library with the best of books. His information in this line is more like that of the English statesmen. He is distinctively an optimist who feels that life is too short to carry a "gronch," that there is too much of goodness and beauty in the world to sound a croaking note. He is glad our fathers fought the battles of the past, but feels that we must fight those of the present.

He is well equipped for a useful career. He was graduated from Wake Forest College in 1890, where he took the regular course, not omitting Greek and Mathematics. For a time he taught school at Marion, but W. A. Blair—then head of the Winston schools—found him, recognized his ability and called him to Winston. Here he was allowed to teach as he pleased, but the law kept wooing him. After a course at the University of North Carolina he secured his license and was ready for clients. He located at Danbury, but later he moved to Louisburg. Here he married Miss Fannie Yarborough, a woman of rare attainments and fine character.

Mr. Bickett is a great believer in home and is never happier than "when under his own vine and fig tree." This feeling colors his idea of civilization, for he thinks that it rests on the little farm well tilled. He would like to see every tenant the owner of a little farm. He agrees with Arthur Young that "the magic of property converts sand into gold."

Politically Bickett could never be a "wild-eyed reformer" proclaiming that the political salvation of the world depended on one idea that he had patented; neither could he become "a mossback standpatter" encased in an armor of insulation against all new ideas. He has too much sense to be the one, and too much humor to be the other. While in the legislature he was classed as a conservative-progressive. He was not always in the bell-tower ringing the alarm; neither was he in the cellar while the throng passed by. Nevertheless, he will always be at the fire and be a fighter. The more the people know of him the better they like him.



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OUR DEAN



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President

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1877; M.A., 1889; Graduate Student University of Berlin, 1888; Graduate Student, Wood-Hall Biological Laboratory, 1893; Professor of Biology, Wake Forest College, 1883; LL.D., Baylor University, 1905; LL.D., University of North Carolina, 1906; President, Wake Forest College, 1905.

CHARLES E. TAYLOR, B.Litt., D.D., LL.D., - - - PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY

B.Litt., University of Virginia, 1870; D.D., Richmond College, 1885; LL.D., Mercer University, 1904; Professor of Latin, Wake Forest College, 1870-1883; President, *ibid.*, 1883-1905; Professor of Moral Philosophy, *ibid.*, 1884.

WILLIAM B. ROYALL, M.A., D.D., LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1861; M.A., 1866; D.D., Judson College, 1887; LL.D., Furman University, 1907; Assistant Professor, Wake Forest College, 1866-1870; Professor of Greek, *ibid.*, 1870.

BENJAMIN SLEDD, M.A., Litt.D., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1886; Litt.D., *ibid.*, 1906; Graduate Student, Teutonic Languages, Johns Hopkins University, 1886-1887; Headmaster of Languages, Charlotte Hall School, Md., 1887-1888; Professor of Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1888-1894; Professor of English, *ibid.*, 1894.

CHARLES E. BREWER, M.A., Ph.D., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

Dean of the College

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1886; Graduate Student of Chemistry, Johns Hopkins University, 1887-1888; Ph.D., Cornell University, 1900; Professor of Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1889; Dean of the College, 1912.

JOHN F. LANNEAU, M.A., - - - PROFESSOR OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS AND ASTRONOMY

Graduate South Carolina Military Academy, 1856; M.A., Baylor University, 1869, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, Furman University, 1866-1868; Professor of Mathematics, William Jewell College, 1868; Professor of Physics and Applied Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1890; Professor of Applied Mathematics and Astronomy, *ibid.*, 1890.

NEDHAM Y. GULLEY, M.A., - - - - - PROFESSOR OF LAW

M.A., Wake Forest College, 1879; LL.D., *ibid.*, 1914; Member State Legislature, 1885; Member of N. C. Code Commission, 1903-1906; Professor of Law, Wake Forest College, 1894.

J. HENDREN GORRELL, M.A., Ph.D., - - - PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES

M.A., Washington and Lee University, 1890; Assistant Professor, *ibid.*, 1890-1891; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1894; Professor Modern Languages, Wake Forest College, 1894.

WILLIS R. CULLOM, M.A., TH.D., D.D., — — — — — PROFESSOR OF THE BIBLE

E. W. SIKES, M.A., PH.D., — — — — — PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

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HERBERT D. TAYLOR, B.A., M.D., - - - PROFESSOR OF BACTERIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY

B.A., St. Johns College, Annapolis, 1910; B.A. (Honorary), University of Maryland; Cancer research at Surgical Pathological Laboratory of Johns Hopkins Hospital, 1913; M.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1914; Acting Superintendent, Johns Hopkins Dispensary, Summers 1913 and 1914; Professor of Bacteriology and Pathology, Wake Forest College, 1914.

HUBERT A. JONES, M.A., LL.B., - - - ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1908; M.A., *ibid.*, LL.B., *ibid.*, 1909; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1910-1911; Instructor in Mathematics, Wake Forest College, 1908-1911; Associate Professor of Mathematics, *ibid.*, 1911.

JAY BROADUS HUBBELL, M.A., - - - ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE

B.A., Richmond College, 1905; M.A., Harvard University, 1908; Graduate Scholar Columbia University, 1910-1911; Instructor in Latin and Greek, Bethel College, 1905-1906; Instructor in English, University of North Carolina, 1908-1909; Teacher of English and Public Speaking, High School, Columbus, Ga.; Associate Professor of English Language, Wake Forest College, 1911.

JOHN W. NOWELL, M.A., Ph.D., - - - ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1903; M.A., *ibid.*, 1909; Instructor in Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1904-19; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, 1912; Instructor in Chemistry, N. C. College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, 1912-1914; Associate Professor of Chemistry, Wake Forest College, 1914.

CLARENCE D. JOHNS, A.M., - - - ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

A.B., Randolph-Macon College, 1908; A.M., University of Chicago, 1911; Graduate Student, University of Chicago, 1909-11; *ibid.*, Harvard University, 1912-13; Fellow in American History, University of Chicago, 1913-14; Associate Professor of Political Science, Wake Forest College, 1914.

ROGER P. McCUTCHEON, B.A., M.A., - - - ACTING PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1910; M.A., Harvard University, 1912; Assistant Principal, Franklin, Va., High School, 1910-11; Graduate Student, Harvard University, 1911-13; Instructor in Rhetoric, University of Minnesota, 1913-14; Acting Professor of English, Wake Forest College, 1914.

J. RICHARD CROZIER, - - - DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

Director of Physical Culture, Wake Forest College, 1904; Graduate of Harvard University Summer School of Physical Education, 1913.

ELLIOTT B. EARNSHAW, B.A., M.A.,

BURSAR AND SECRETARY; SUPERINTENDENT OF COLLEGE HOSPITAL

B.A., Wake Forest College, 1906; M.A., *ibid.*, 1908; Instructor in Mathematics and Acting Bursar, Wake Forest College, 1906-1907; Bursar and Secretary, *ibid.*, 1907; Superintendent of College Hospital, *ibid.*, 1911.

MRS. ETHEL T. CRITTENDEN, - - - LIBRARIAN



R. P. McCUTCHEON
FACULTY EDITOR

The title 'FOREWORD' is rendered in a large, black, serif font. The initial 'F' is particularly large and stylized, with a decorative flourish that loops around the word. Below the 'F', there is a small illustration of a traditional oil lamp with a flame. The entire title is enclosed within a rectangular border with decorative corners.

FOREWORD

With a deep salaam, the 1915 *Howler* greets its readers. We promise no novelty of matter, perhaps no variety of treatment, but we offer as fully as we may a true relation of our college life, gathered discursively and presented with the best of intentions.

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NEW DORMITORY

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J. A. ABERNETHY, B.A., E.C.

Matthews, North Carolina

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, we'll deserve it."

Seldom do you see a football player who does good college work, but this man played center on the football team and has won his degree in three years. He is a good debater and is often found at work in the Society hall and Moot Court. Abernethy is a college man through and through, as shown by his interest in every phase of college life, yet he never neglects his studies to take part in athletics or some debate. We predict for him success as a lawyer when he hangs out his shingle among the other Mecklenburg hornets.

Age 23, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 180.

Commencement Marshal, '13; Varsity Football '12-14; Licensed Attorney, February '15.

CALVIN MONROE ADAMS, LL.B., E.C.

Statesville, North Carolina

"The end of man is action and not thought."

Adams has made action the keynote of his college course. That same active enthusiasm which has bridged over many of his own difficulties has also been a mighty asset to old "Gold and Black" on the field of athletic conflict, where his voice and gesture inspired confidence as he led the cheering rooters in the grand stand. "C. M." is deservedly popular. He is neither an idler nor a recluse. His specialty is the law; and the fidelity to tasks and to his college displayed here will become fidelity to clients and public duty in the world he enters.

Adams has the honor of being President of the largest Supreme Court Class which has applied for license at the February term of the Court, and he and twenty-eight of his associates are ready to hang out the shingle.

Age 24, height 6 feet, weight, 165.

President of Supreme Court Class, '14-15; Chief Rooter, '14-15; Licensed Attorney, '15.





J. LEROY ALLEN, JR.
Wake Forest, North Carolina

"The purest treasure mortal times afford, is spotless reputation."

Since the days of his childhood fancies Roy has listened to the ringing of the college bell, and for the past four years he has faithfully heeded its call. He is a quiet, reserved, modest youth, who is ever attending to his own affairs, and who on every occasion takes a firm stand for manhood and character.

Roy has had some difficulty in deciding what vocation he will pursue after leaving college. At various times he has considered civil engineering and railroading, but at present he expects to enter the contracting business in Ocean City, New Jersey.

However, be his decision in this respect what it may, we may safely predict for him a successful future, for as a man he leads the pure and simple life, as a friend he is self-sacrificing and liberal; as a companion he is unexcelled, and as a student he is profound, diligent and earnest.

Age 21, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 145.

Vice-President Student Athletic Association, '14-15; Senior Class Poet, '14-15.

"A learned man has always riches in himself."

To know Yates, is to know a friend indeed. He is a sunshine-wearer, always happy and pleasant. This spirit he brings with him from the hills of Polk County, where such is germinated. He is one of the strongest members of the Class of '15; and besides this, he is exceedingly popular among the boys. Furthermore, he is both a polished and forceful speaker.

That Arledge has never been an honor seeker, but that honors have sought him, is clearly shown by some of the positions he has had. In these he has not disappointed the confidence the boys had in him, for they realized that he was possessed with ability. Law is his chosen profession, and as he goes out into the legal world we predict nothing less than success for him.

Age 22, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 170.

Class Baseball, '12-13-14; Marshal Junior-Sophomore Debate, '12; President Junior-Sophomore Debate, '13; Assistant Secretary Baraca Class, Spring, '14; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '14-15; Vice-President Berean Class, '14; Junior Orator's Medal, '14; Law Class Baseball Team, '13-14; Manager Allen Club, '11; President Berean Class, '15; Anniversary Orator, '15; Commencement Speaker, '15.



ALLEN YATES ARLEDGE, B.A., ESQ.
Polk County, North Carolina



T. A. AYERA, B.A., Phil.
Rocky Mount, North Carolina

"Sense, sincerity, simplicity—the 'Three Graces' of a gentleman."

Tom Ayera is a man whose face is not his only recommendation. He has all the qualities which go to make up a true gentleman. Besides this, he has plenty of ability and initiative, qualities for which there are always a place.

He has never neglected any phase of college life. He is a good student, a good speaker, and hard worker in his Society, an athlete and a strong supporter of athletics, and one of those few who have not neglected the social side of life while in college.

Tom has always been a leader among the fellows, and as he goes out from college we expect to see him take his place as a leader among men.

Age 23, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight, 160.

Freshman Baseball Team, '12; Manager of Freshman Baseball Team, '12; Vice-President Sophomore Class, '13; Member of Senate Committee, '14; Leader of Glee Club, '13-14-15; Licensed Attorney, '14; Orator, Society Day, '14; President of Student Borean Class; Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Wake Forest-Richmond Debate, '15.

"His life was gentle, and the elements

So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.' "

"Mig" is by far the best known and most popular man in college. He is a jolly good friend to all the classes, and were he to turn college politician, he would no doubt clean up.

It is on the Athletic field that "Mig" shines, whether in baseball, football or basketball. Coming here from Eastern College, Virginia, where he captained the baseball team of that college to the state championship, he kept up the pace set there, and in 1913 was Captain of the State and South Atlantic Champion Wake Forest nine. He has played football ever since entering College, and as a clear, cool headed quarterback he reigns supreme. As a member of the basketball team he has done his share in upholding the record of the Wake Forest quintet.

Not only is he a sterling athlete, but he is a good, hard working student, and has thoroughly broken down the old idea that a man cannot be both a good athlete and student.

Age 24, height 6 feet, weight 160.

Varsity Football, '11-12-13-14; Varsity Baseball, '12-13-14-15; Captain Baseball Team, '13; Varsity Basketball, '13-14-15; Captain Basketball team, '14; Captain Baseball Team, '15.



GILBERT M. BILLINGS, B.A., Ent.
Raleigh, North Carolina

FRED ANTHONY BOBBITT
Warren County, North Carolina

"My country is the world and my religion is to do good."

The idea of "Freddy" having an enemy would be almost inconceivable. To know him well is to like him much. He is a fellow who always knows how to take a joke at his own expense. He is quite noted as a maker of stray music, his favorite song being, "I'm Tired of Living Alone."

Freddy has never entered college politics, and thus has had no college honors, except that of having armed Dr. Paschal from preaching to—an are light; but the night was a little darker than usual.

He is a hard worker and whatever he does he tries to do well. He is a good, solid fellow, who can always be depended on. He always seems glad to do a fellow a good turn. As a minister of the gospel we feel sure that he will be liked by all who come in contact with him and we believe his work will be of the lasting kind.

Age 24, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 155.

Leader of Bible Study Group, '15.



J. ERNEST BOBBITT, LL.B., ESQ.

Littleton, North Carolina

"It is the wise head that makes the still tongue."

This small and modest gentleman has been among us three years, and has distinguished himself by the even moderation of his tones, by his reticence, and by his steady, quiet work. He is one who has never grappled for political honors. He has worked consistently in his classes and at the same time has held a position in the Citizens Bank. He is popular among us, and without doubt is the kind of lamb that may assume the characteristics of a lion among ladies. He is noted for his quietness on the campus and on the athletic field, and yet he will be missed at both places. Wherever he goes, we predict for him a prosperous future.

Age 20, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 135.

Secretary of Senior Class, '14-15; Vice-President Law Class, '14-15.



GEORGE WASHINGTON BRADDY, LL.B., PH.D.
Bladen County, North Carolina

"The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat."

Braddy belongs to that tribe of animals, which sometimes inhabit college communities, called "Grinds." The fact that he is graduating in two years is sufficient proof that he has ground successfully.

Since the lawyer has the reputation of being the most long winded creature in existence, Braddy has certainly chosen the right profession. He can easily speak to the limit of his ten minutes in Society and still have almost as much to say as when he started.

If hard work will bring a man to the front Braddy's seat might as well be reserved among the prominent lawyers of the next decade. He has already secured his license to practice law and intends going at once into his chosen profession after he has secured his LL.B. Degree.

Age 26, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 170.

Licensed Attorney, '15.

LEON S. BRASSFIELD, B.A., Ed.
Wake County, North Carolina

"A man with a voice like a lion."

Before you is the likeness of a typical college gentleman, a man who has not only his own opinions and convictions, but has also the sort of admirable courage which it takes to let them be known when occasion demands. "Brass" came to us from a military school of the first rank, and the thorough training which he received while there has lingered with him until today. He is a reliable companion and has a host of friends. For four years he has enthusiastically participated in college politics.

"Brass" is a student of no mean ability. Law is his chosen profession, and we can safely predict that it is only a matter of time until he will become one of the beacon lights in the legal world.

Age 22, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 175.

Class Football, '11-12; Marshal Junior-Sophomore Debate, '12; Marshal Wake Forest-Baylor Debate at Raleigh, '13; Chief Marshal Junior-Sophomore Debate, '13; Secretary and Treasurer Law Class, '13-14; Testator Senior Class, '15; Student Senate, '15; Licensed Attorney, '15.





MILTON L. BRAUN, B.A., Eu.
Asheville, North Carolina
"What a noble piece of work is man."

"Billiken" is a true friend to every fellow he meets. While remaining among us only two years, he has proved himself to be a thorough Wake Forest man. In the various college activities he has taken no prominent part, but to those who know him, he is interested in all. He is a strong advocate of the 28 hour-a-day scheme—it is a mystery to him why people should sleep so much, when that time could be used in storing up knowledge and in touring America. To him we give the distinction of being the first man to cycle from Eastern Carolina across the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western Carolina—covering 300 miles and reaching an elevation of 3100 feet. His chief pleasure is in taking "Gym." His hobby is walking—even in the "wee" hours of the night he will stroll as long as his companion can stand the exertion. "Bill" expects to toil among another race, and we predict for him much success while laboring for a noble cause on another continent.

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 145.
President Volunteer Band, '14-15.
Secretary State Volunteer Convention, '15.

"He who would teach men to die would at the same time teach them to live."

Brown is usually sized up by his face as being a preacher, but in spite of his serious look he has few equals when it comes to playing pranks. He can preach a funeral or tell a joke. He has done quite a bit of preaching during his college career and knows how to take well not only with the older members of his churches but with younger people as well.

"Lon" intends being a missionary to some foreign country, and if he is as successful abroad as he has been at home he will accomplish much good in whatever field he is located. Hardly a fellow in the student body is more thoroughly consecrated to the cause he wishes to follow than Brown.

Age 28, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 165.

Leader of Mission Band, '12; Chairman Mission Study Committee, '12-13; Secretary Volunteer Band, '12-13; President Robeson County Club, '13-14; Club Manager, '13-14; Chief Marshal Commencement, '14; Delegate to Kansas City Convention, '14; President Volunteer Band, '13-14; Vice-President Volunteer Band, '14-15. Society Day Orator, '14; President Ministerial Class, '14-15; Vice-President Honor Committee, '14-15; Commencement Speaker, '15.



ROBERT LONNIE BROWN, B.A., Phil.
Robeson County, North Carolina



C. W. CARRICK, B.A., Ed.
High Point, North Carolina

"Variety's the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavor."

This versatile and interesting subject comes from the city of High Point. "Shorty," as he is familiarly known among the boys, has acquired the habit of doing things. During four years, Carrick has completed the required work for two degrees and spent his spare time taking music lessons, aiding with the college publications, playing basketball and football. He has not been an honor seeker yet his honors have been many and of a variety to be appreciated.

Carrick knows how to make friends and how to keep them and is popular both with teachers and students, and as he goes into the world, either as a pedagogue or a tiller of mother earth, we predict for him success.

Age 21, height 6 feet 4 inches, weight 200.

Glee Club, '13-14, '14-15; Commencement Marshal, '13; Class Basketball: '12-13-14; Captain Junior Basketball, '13; Poet Junior Class, '14; President Scientific Club, '13; Senate Committee, '13-14; Assistant Manager Basketball, '14; Manager Basketball, '15; Varsity Basketball, '15; Class Football, '12; Varsity Football, '14; Teacher Baseball, '13-14; Editor in Chief HOWLER, '15.

"For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?"

Carlton has a face that catches and holds our attention. His eye and features indicate determination. He has the very look of a strong debater, nor did his look deceive us in this when it came to the contest for places in the debate with Richmond College. He won a place over a great number of strong competitors.

Lee is one of those lucky fellows who has a "leg" on the faculty, and at the same time has exerted a strong influence in the student body. When he finds a thing which he thinks is going wrong he attacks it vigorously, and usually something happens very quickly as the result.

He has also done much for athletics. He managed the football team of 1914 with great success.

Age 23, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 190.

Class Football Team, '11-12-13; Class Baseball, '12-13; Scrub Football, '12-13; Sophomore Improvement Medal, '13; Assistant Manager Football Team, '13-14; First Debater, Sophomore-Junior Debate, '13; Manager Football Team, '14-15; Secretary Debate Council, '14-15; Alternate Richmond-Wake Forest Debate at Richmond, '15.



A. LEE CARLTON, B.A., Phil.
Duplin County, North Carolina



A. GRAY CARTER, B.A., Ed.

Davie County, North Carolina

"Ever ready for the comical, yet with purpose intent."

Carter came to us from the hills of Davie, and though he has been with us only three years, he has assured the faculty that he deserves his Sheep Skin. He is a fellow of genuine worth. Apparently, one would think that he never took care for a serious thought, but results show quite differently. His Latin teacher has the assurance that at least a part of his time is given to real work. He has not sought college honors, yet he has made good in basketball, having made several class teams.

Carter is a good mixer with the boys, and to say the least he is not wanting when it comes to the opposite sex. With his present chosen profession, we predict for him success and credit to his Alma Mater.

Age 26, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 154.

Class Basketball, '13-14; Ministerial Basketball, '12-13-14; Manager Class Basketball, '15; Ministerial Baseball, '13.

"An honest man, close buttoned to the chin, Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

His nickname, "Runt," certainly does not apply to Cashwell's business ability. He won the respect and confidence of the fellows at the very beginning of his college career and has held it ever since.

He has always been prominent both as an athlete and a supporter of athletics. Hardly another man in college can get as much pep into the rooting at the games as "Runt" Cashwell.

In classroom work he is such a "heavy batter" that Dr. Gulley rewarded him by making him assistant in the Law Department. He has already secured his license to practice law and those who know him believe that he is likely to become one of the best lawyers who have gone out from Wake Forest.

Age 24, height 5 feet 6½ inches, weight 130.

Law Class Baseball Team, '13-14; Chairman Moot Court Case Committee, '13; Sophomore Baseball Team, '14; Sophomore Football Team, '14; Scrub Football Team, '13-14; Assistant Cheer Leader, '14-15; Associate Justice, Moot Court, '14; Licensed Attorney, '13; Sophomore Marshal Commencement, '14; Assistant in Law, '13-14-15; President Y. M. C. A., '14-15; Honor Committee, '14-15; Business Manager of *Student*, '14-15.



CLAUDE CASON CASHWELL, LL.B., PHIL.
Wilmington, North Carolina



ROY C. CAUSEY, LL.B., PHIL. Winterville, N. C.

"The ladies call him sweet,
The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet."

Here is a very rare specimen who, although he has escaped the Department of Biology for three years, has not by any means escaped the law. The supreme court judges have already decided that he is capable of practicing law in this State.

Perhaps the best characterization for Causey is the term "a good egg." A fellow just has to like him if he knows him. His witty smiles are a familiar campus scene. His abundant supply of dry wit is likely to prove a great asset to him in his profession, as it has done much toward making him popular among the boys while in college.

Age 25, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 130.

Associate justice moot court. Licensed attorney, 1915.

J. RICHARD CROZIER, B.S.
Wake Forest, North Carolina

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrassed brow,
Nature had written—Gentleman."

1915 is proud to number "Dick" Crozier among its members. He has been Physical Director of the College since 1904. As baseball and basketball coach, he has won for himself a reputation which extends far beyond the boundaries of the State. But in addition to his official duties, he has, by the most unrelenting toil, completed the requirements for the B.S. degree, and today he stands as a shining example of lofty ambition and faithful perseverance. Hats off to Dick!

Vice-President Medical Class, '15; Director of Physical Culture, Wake Forest College, since 1904; Graduate of Harvard University Summer School of Physical Education, 1913.





CLIVE ELLERBE CHAMBLISS, B.A., Ed.
Wilson, North Carolina

"In this small body is lodged a great mind."

Here is a man small in stature, modest in demeanor, and not an enthusiastic college politician; yet he has won the regard of both students and faculty. He is neither a loafer nor a book-worm. He finds time to take an interest in all the college activities, as his splendid services as correspondent for a daily newspaper testify. He may have inherited the gift of writing; any way, Chambliss has the goods.

He is known to his friends as "Sam," and abbreviation of the name of an antipodal biblical character of note. He is likely to enter journalism, though he has some leanings toward the law. Whatever his field, we predict success on account of his ability, his congeniality, and his continuous optimism.

Age 21, height 5 feet 1 inch, weight 110.

"High erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

This mountaineer is our scientist and scholar, subtlety sits upon his countenance. For two years he has been guiding the Newish in their search for the Philosopher's stone, in the Chemistry laboratory; for two years he has worn the senatorial toga and kept the Freshmen in the strait and narrow path. In the space of four years he has earned two degrees and will become at once a Bachelor of Science and a Master of Arts. His many and varied honors and distinctions bear witness to his ability and popularity. Nor have the exactions of science been able to subdue the gentler side of his nature, for he sings most divinely on the Glee Club, and his strumming fingers not infrequently provoke the high lyric chords of the banjo.

May he construct many canals and tunnels, for he intends devoting his talents to the calling of the Engineer.

Age 24, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 175.

Class Football, '13; Instructor in Chemistry, '13-14, '14-15; Senate Committee, '13-14-15; Glee Club, '13-14-15; President Students' Scientific Society, '11; President Scrub Faculty, '13-14; Instructor in Applied Mathematics II, '15; Statistician Senior Class, '15.



WILLIAM GRADY DOTSON, B.S., PH.D.
Henderson County, North Carolina



POSEE EDGAR DOWNS, B.A., Ec.
Casar, North Carolina

"I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me."

Here is another of the many sons of Cleveland, who has selected Wake Forest College as a place to get his life's training. "Parson" came to us only a newish, as all have done. But during his four years' stay here, he has demonstrated his unusual ability as a student by getting off the work for the B.A. and M.A. degrees with the distinction of *Cum Laude*. He has sought no honors while here, but has rather preferred to supply his store house with knowledge that will demand honors for him as he turns to look life in the face.

The ministry is his chosen profession; in this, he must needs succeed, for in him is found every qualification necessary, from that of ceremoniously performing his duty at the table to that of swaying audiences with oratory and religion.

Age 26, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 160.

Vice-President Cleveland County Club, '14-15; Associate Senior Editor HOWLER, '14-15; Chief Anniversary Marshal, '15.

VIRGIL ENNIS DUNCAN, B.A., Phil.
Person County, North Carolina

"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he would ask the number of steps."

Give him half a chance and Duncan is quite "a lion among ladies." He has become a star at Meredith receptions.

In both his studies and his Society he has been a hard worker. He has not been a great seeker for office as many others have been. Duncan is a loyal supporter of athletic sentiment, and a participator in class athletics as well.

If he escapes matrimony he intends being a missionary to some foreign country. His church work while in college has already given him some experience in preaching. Whether he takes China, Africa, or some other country he intends making himself felt wherever he locates.

Age 22, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 165.

Ministerial Class Baseball Team, '12-13-14-15; Secretary Baraca Class, '14; Secretary Anniversary Debate, '15.





GUERRANT H. FERGUSON, B.A., ED.

Reidsville, North Carolina

"A noble man with a still more noble aim."

"Doe" is proficient in every department of college and especially in Latin. Throughout his college course Furg. has been preparing himself to teach the youth of the land. Already he has begun his life's work in teaching Prep. Latin in College and as principal of the Wake Forest Public School in his Senior year. In his chosen profession we predict that he will reach the height of success. He is an excellent orator and it is certain that after a few more trials Mother Eu. will bestow upon him an orator's reward.

Furg. is a true and generous friend to all. He is known and liked by all. He is a willing worker in all that is honorable, and whatever his hands find to do, they do it well. It may be said also that he is a gallant ladiesman, who knows how to use Cupid's word in the right place.

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 155.

Instructor in Latin, '13-14-15; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '14-15.

"A man who will not flee will make his foes flee."

Fisher has a very peculiar distinction for a college student. Not being satisfied with merely winning college honors and responsibilities he went into State politics, and without any great amount of campaigning was elected by a big majority to represent his district in the State Senate. Those of us who have known him for the past three years in college feel that the people of his district made an excellent choice.

He is a solid, reliable fellow with plenty of ability and sound common sense. Fisher is not a person who thrusts himself forward for honors. He does his part well and leaves the rest to the judgment of others.

As a student he is one of the most brilliant in his class. He did not let the two months taken out of his work during the session of the Legislature prevent him from getting his degree. We only wish there were a great many more men of his type in the State and in the country.

Age 25, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 165.

Licensed Attorney, '14; Senator from the Fourteenth District, '15.



WALTER HARRISON FISHER, LL.B., PHIL.
Sampson County, North Carolina



RICHARD SPEIGHT FOUNTAIN, B.A., E.U.
Tarboro, North Carolina

"To be sincere and true
Doing right whatsoever you do."

"Dick" hails from that section of North Carolina that stretches along the rippling waters of the "Tar." Here he likely heard his call to perform experiments in the Theological laboratory at Wake Forest College. For three years he has worked in a quiet, yet effective way, keeping up a fight with invincible zeal and undaunted purpose for both the prevailing of the right and the acquisition of knowledge. He has not suffered from the common chronic disease prevalent among college men, viz., "seeking college honors," and yet in all college activities, and especially on the athletic field he has had the pep.

While here he has won for himself a circle of warm friends, who predict for him a successful career in his Master's Kingdom.

Age 21, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150.

Freshman Football, '12; Sky Baseball, '13-11; Band, '12-13-14-15; Secretary of W. F. Missionary Society, '15.

JOHN M. GATLING, B.A., E.U.

Bertie County, North Carolina

"They see nothing wrong in the rule, that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy."

John is distinctly identified with all the various interests of the college. His accomplishments range from flights of oratory to college politics. He represented his Society creditably in a public debate his Junior year. Being corresponding Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., he was one of the five chosen delegates from Wake Forest to the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City. He is well remembered as being the one who could beat the "Dormitory Ring" in society politics. But it was in his Senior year, John won the highest honors of his class.

One of his greatest qualities is his ability to do much mental work in a short time and without showing signs of fatigue. He contemplates coming back next year to study Law.

Age 20, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150.

Sophomore-Junior Debater, '13-14; Corresponding Secretary, Y. M. C. A., '14-15; Delegate to Kansas City, January, 1914; President Senior Class, '14-15; Chairman Honor Committee, '14-15.





ARTHUR ROYALL GAY, B.A., PHIL.

Franklin County, North Carolina

"And the best of me is diligence."

Here is one of the many men who have worked themselves up through difficulties, and it is a rare thing that such a man ever fails to succeed. He is always busy, and it is a wonder to the rest of us how a man who does so much outside work can ever pass off his college work. Yet he has done so with credit, and in addition has got off twenty hours of Prep. work.

Gay is one of those practical fellows who can do almost anything which comes to hand that is worth doing. He has a head for business that many should envy.

Being a ministerial student, he has already begun preaching while in College and bids fair to become prominent in his chosen vocation.

Age 27, height 6 feet 2 inches, weight 170.

Historian of Junior Class. Secretary of the F. C. Club.

W. L. Griggs, B.A., Ed.

Franklin, North Carolina

"He that takes a wife takes care."

Griggs hails from the hills of Macon County where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great. He came to us four years ago a married man, and has done exceedingly well, for he has managed to make enough money to pay his way through college and at the same time to keep up his family admirably. That Griggs is no mean student is demonstrated by the grades he has made.

Since his Freshman year he has had at least four churches to supply all the time. This of course necessitated his absence from the hill a great deal of the time, yet he has kept up his work. This shows the material he is made of physically and intellectually, for without a strong physique and intellect he could not have done what he has. In his pastorate he has made a splendid impression upon the people. With his ability as a worker we can't see why he shouldn't be crowned with success after receiving his degree.

Age 32, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 175.

President Ministerial Class, '14-15; Member Honor Committee, '14-15.





R. C. GYLES, B.S., E.C.

Blacksville, South Carolina

"A wise physician skilled our wounds to heal
Is more than armies to the public weal."

"Doctor Gyles," as he is known by fellow students, hails from the "Palmetto State." Since his Freshman year he has had probably more honors than any other man graduating in his class. He attained the position of Assistant in Physiology at the beginning of his Junior year, a feat unprecedented in the history of the College. This shows that he is one of the smartest men in the medical class, but he is by no means a book worm. He has represented his class more than once in athletics, and has been a regular booster of all college sports.

Age 21, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 175.

Assistant in Physiology and Bio-Chem., '13-14; Assistant in Physiology and Pharmacology, '14-15; Class Baseball, '13-14; Class Football, '11; Medical Class Baseball, '13-14; Medical Class Prophet, '11-13; Student Senate, '14-15.

JOHN R. HALL, B.A., E.C.

Moultrie, Georgia

"He shall not his brain encumber
With the coil of rhythm and number."

John, who comes from the famous wire grass section of Georgia, has won lasting fame as a soloist since coming to Wake Forest. Not only has he been heard all over the State, but even Virginia claims the distinction of having more than once listened to his melodious voice. As a cornetist in the college orchestra he ranks first, and he has been accused of leading the Wake Forest College Band.

In Society circles John is king, and many of his victims still linger about the depots of Henderson, Raleigh, etc., with a faint hope that by chance some train may bring him to them.

John is a genial, companionable, and generous hearted fellow, and is well liked by his classmates. In his graduation, the College Glee Club will lose a notable member, the orchestra its leading cornetist, the band its leader, the classroom his originality, and Raleigh and Henderson a frequent visitor.

Age 21, height 6 feet, weight 153.

Glee Club and Orchestra, '12-13-14-15;
Leader of Band, '14-15.





BASCOMBE S. HENSLEY, LL.B., ESQ.

Burnsville, North Carolina

"Shoot low at the embers and don't mind the shine."

Bascombe's prowess as an athlete has made him well known; he has frequently helped to decide close conflicts in favor of his Alma Mater; his manly qualities, his pleasing personality, and his modest demeanor have won him many good friends; and his application to his studies has won him the favor of the faculty. From such a formula as he presents we can get but one result; a man. Here's to Hensley, the personification of strength and speed in Athletic conflict, the loyal comrade in the walks of friendship. In legal battles may he as successfully guard his man as he has guarded his man on the basketball floor during his college days.

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 165.

Class Basketball, '12; Lawyer Basketball, '13; All-class Basketball, '13; Manager of Law Basketball Team, '14; Varsity Baseball, '13-14-15; Varsity Basketball, '14-15.

CHARLES A. HENSLEY, B.S., ESQ.

Burnsville, North Carolina

"By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise."

One glance at the picture will explain why we call Hensley, "Handsome Charles." Hensley hails from a lonely and picturesque little hamlet of the hills of western North Carolina. A child of nature, well tutored, and a splendid specimen of manhood; as mystifying in his moods as a daughter of the land,—beating you now to your face and anon giving you his best hat. If he loves you, all that is his, is yours; if he hates you, he'll let you be. He is a hard worker and truly "one of the boys." He is interested in all college activities, especially the Track Team. "Doc" Cyles says he acquired speed in Burnsville, in trying to get away. He is a typical college man. A medical student? Yes, a born physician, and in this profession success awaits him.

Age 22, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 160.

Commencement Marshal, '12; Track Team, '13-14; Anniversary Marshal, '14; Assistant Manager of Track Team, '11; Manager of Track Team, '15.





MURRAY A. HONEYCUTT, B.A., Ed.

Wilhite, North Carolina

"I find thee worthy; do this thing for me."

They say that no man is taken into the inner shrine of college life till he acquires a nickname. This man brings one from his native mountains—"Honey," whether or not it has helped him, Murray has been admitted to the inner shrine. He is a diligent student, a good speaker, a good friend. He meets difficulties with courage and does not look for the path of least resistance. He will wield the birch a year, perhaps; but his chosen profession is the Law. He is a man of conviction and one that hews to the line, his force of character sweetened by kindness and gentle wit; and his future in any field is secure.

Age 26, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 148.

Vice-President of Teachers Class, '14-15; Y. M. C. A. Membership Committee, '13-14; Teachers Baseball Team, '13-14; Manager of Turner Club, '14-15; Senior Editor of *Howler*, '15. Chief Marshal of Wake Forest-Richmond Debate, '15.

E. J. HOWELL, B.S., Ed.

Gates County, North Carolina

"Work is honorable, perseverance wins."

"Little Ed" is first of all an optimist. He is original, possessing an abundant endowment of mother wit. Whoever is fortunate enough to associate with him in life will find him cheerful and full of fun.

Howell has had to work hard for what he has got here. "He can, who thinks he can"; and he has never let a doubt of that axiom creep into his mind except, possibly, when he was home last Xmas. Then he grew weak in faith and sent Dr. Smith a box of pork; since then he has traveled on flowered beds of ease. He expects to complete his medical training in some northern university, after which he intends to accumulate considerable wads of money running around in his Ford car to visit his country practice.

Age 23, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150.

Medical Class Baseball, '13-14-15; Medical Class Basketball, '14; Secretary Medical Class, '14-15.





RAY R. INGRAM, LL.B., Esq.

Albemarle, North Carolina

"His beauty haunted him in his sleep."

"R. R.," as he is familiarly called among his friends, hails from the "Sticks" of Stanly County. He is quiet and unassuming, but is always on the job when the occasion demands. He has neither sought honors nor played politics while in college, but has preferred to utilize his time in a diligent study of the Law. Law is his chosen profession, and it is rumored about the campus that his knowledge of Law and procedure is not to be despised.

Ray is a hard and consistent worker, and with his equipment we cannot expect anything else from him but success.

Age 25, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150.

Licensed Attorney, February, 1915.

"Thrice noble is the man who of himself is king."

This young man came to Wake Forest four years ago when yet too small to wear long trousers, and after making a bright record for himself is finishing while in his "teens."

He has made it a point to learn the name of every man in college. He has also taken a prominent part in the nobler activities of college life and has made it his business to cultivate kindness.

If ever he stacked a fellow's room, stopped up a chimney, or did any other such stunt, it was for the fun there was in it and not to put any one to inconvenience.

Inscoc's specialty is English. He has made a great many contributions to the *Student* and *Howler*, besides assisting in the English Department.

Age 19, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 135.

Class Track, '12; Track Squad, '12-13-14-15; Poet of Franklin County Club, '14; Leader of Mission Study Group, '14-15; Club Manager, '14-15; Prophet of Teachers Class, '14-15; Senior Editor of *Howler*, '14-15; Assistant in English, '14-15.



LINWOOD S. INSCOC, B.A., PH.D.

Franklin County, North Carolina



THADDEUS IVEY, JR., B.A., PH.D.
Wake County, North Carolina

"Men, like bullets, go furthest when they are smoothest."

If Ivey looks like a "newish" his looks are deceiving. He has plenty of good "horse sense" supplemented by an abundance of learning. In his studies he makes good grades; as one of the fellows he is immensely popular; as an athlete he has helped to win honors for his class. His equal in pulling off a really decent stunt on some unsuspecting Newish is hard to find. His specialty in this line being phrenology.

Ivey is a business man with quite a bit of real ability. His work as business manager of the HOWLER has justified the confidence of the fellows in electing him to the place.

He goes out from College as a pedagogue and will be a valuable addition to the teaching profession.

Age 21, height 5 feet 9½ inches, weight 150.

Teachers Baseball, '12-13-14-15; Manager Teachers Baseball Team, '13-14; Teachers Historian, '11; President Wake County Club, '14; President Teachers Class, '15; Honor Committee, '15; Assistant Business Manager HOWLER, '14; Business Manager HOWLER, '15.

"His heart is as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

Chatham County may well be proud to claim the home of the subject of this sketch. Johnson is a fine student not only in books, but among the boys. He takes two degrees in four years and could have taken three had he not decided to specialize in Law this year by reviewing several courses. He is recognized among the students as an authority on points of Law. He received his Law license at the past February examination.

Johnson is not only a good student, but he is a forceful speaker, as is shown by the fact that he made alternate's place in the Peace Oratorical Contest last year. He has not sought honors while here, but has made use of his time in a better way. He will possibly continue the study of Law in some northern university. It is needless to say that he will succeed, for a fellow of his ability and determination cannot be anything but successful.

Age 21, height 6 feet 1 inch, weight 170

Poet Freshman Class, '11-12; Historian Law Class, '12-13; Alternate Orator Peace Contest, '14; Associate Senior Editor of *Student*, '14-15; Licensed Attorney, February, '15.



VICTOR R. JOHNSON, B.A., EV.
Pittsboro, North Carolina



IRA THOMAS JOHNSTON, B.A., ED.

Ashe County, North Carolina

"Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me."

Johnston spent his childhood and high school days in the mountains of western North Carolina and knows them like a book. He possesses the creative mind, a gift for character dreaming, and during his three years at Wake Forest, has contributed regularly both in prose and verse to the college magazine. The sincerity, frankness, and friendliness of his nature have won for him the regard of his fellow students. Energy characterizes his every action. Next year "I. T." intends to take up the science of pedagogy and then perhaps journalism, and we are confident of his success.

Age 22, height 5 feet 7½ inches, weight 129.

Poet Law Class, '14-15; Euzeian Public Debater, '14; Y. M. C. A. Finance Committee, '14-15; Winner Student Fiction Medal, '14; Editor-in-Chief of *Student*, '14-15.

ELLIS COLEMAN JONES, B.A., PH.D.

Jackson County, North Carolina

"'Tis eminence makes envy rise,
As fairest fruits attract the flies."

When a man gets his B.A. degree in three years at college it is usually evidence of ability well applied. That is what Jones has done. He is from the mountains of Western North Carolina and has those stable qualities which mark so many others who have gone out from this famous region.

In spite of his heavy class work he has taken much interest in his literary society.

Jones is one of those fellows who has largely worked his way through college by his own efforts. He will, perhaps, make use of his education in the profession of teaching, with an inclination toward law later on.

Age 24, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150.

Vice-President of Freshman Class, '12-13; Treasurer Teachers Class, '13-14; Chairman of Case Committee of Moot Court, '13-14; Historian of Law Class, '14-15.





J. CLYDE JONES, B.A., ED.

Wingate, North Carolina

"An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions."

"Casey" comes back to us, after two years as a pedagogue, to take his degree with us. He is one of those fellows who says little but acts more. "Casey" is a hard worker not only on his text-books but in his other activities as well. He has taken part in both athletics and society work, and one has only to glance below to see what confidence both faculty and students have placed in his ability. Jones will enter the teaching profession and we predict for him much success.

Age 25, height 6 feet, weight 160.

Assistant in History, '12; Honor Committee, '12; Senate Committee, '12; Debate Council, '12; Track Team, '12; Business Manager HOWLER, '12.

MARSHALL HENRY JONES, B.A., PH.D.

Cumberland County, North Carolina

"The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators."

This is a man who combines in himself business acumen with the learning derived from books—practical and intellectual—a rare combination. Success may be prophesied for him without hazard, for he has already begun succeeding. He has carved his way up to a prominent position in the Bank of Wake, somehow without losing his grip on college work. Meanwhile, he is a debater of merit, and besides, he ranks high in the hearts of his countrymen. Marshall Henry will cast his lot with the bankers and we may expect to hear from him in the field of finance.

Age 25, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 120.

Junior-Sophomore Debater, '13; President Woodrow Wilson Club, '13; Club Manager, '13-14; President Y. M. C. A., '14; Member of Honor Committee, '14; Scrub Faculty, '13-14; Class Orator, '15.





GOODMAN HARMON KING, LL.B., ESQ.

Wake Forest, North Carolina

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall."

This man is first of all a friend to his fellows. Who has not coveted his power of pleasing address? His next prominent characteristic is his enthusiasm. After securing his law license he returned to college to prepare himself for such a success as alone will satisfy him—a worthy one; and he has spent his time scattering sunshine and storing away knowledge. And he has with him a comrade and helper who will make all the steeper his ascent up the heights. May Fortune serve King as kindly as he serves his fellow-man.

Age 35, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 125.

Solicitor Moot Court, '12; Assistant Justice Moot Court, '13; Society Day Orator, '14; Licensed Attorney, '12.

EDWARD JUDSON KNOTT, LL.B., PH.D.

Clarksville, Virginia

"A crafty lawyer and a pickpocket."

Virginia is the "Mother of Presidents" and here is another of her sons. Not president of the United States—yet, but president of the Law Class of '15. Tall and good looking, "Knott" has a sound mind in a strong body. "Knott" does things in a quiet way, rarely ever raises his voice, and has an ease of manner which commands recognition. He is a good politician. In fact, he is such a good one that he has been kept too busy managing campaigns for others to seek college honors for himself.

"Knott" goes out to unravel the knots in the Law, and his fellows believe that he will not find any knots too knotty for him. He will win and hold the confidence of his fellow-men and gratitude of his clients.

Age 25, height 6 feet, weight 160.

President Law Class, '14-15; Scrub Faculty, '14-15; Dean of Scrub Faculty, '14-15; Member Honor Committee, '14-15; Chairman Criminal Case Committee, '15; Club Manager, '14-15; Licensed Lawyer, '15.





HENRY J. LANGSTON, B.S., PHIL.

Pitt County, North Carolina

"With us there was a Doctor of Physick."

Langston is a man who intends being well prepared for life and who is willing to pay the necessary cost in hard work. He took his B.A. Degree in 1913, but instead of leaving us he continued two years longer in the Medical Department and won his B.S. Degree.

Langston has always exerted a very strong influence for good among the students. No man has done more for the track team than he; in fact, he is almost the very life of it.

He intends becoming a medical missionary as soon as he has completed his education as a Doctor of Medicine. Being an unselfish sort of fellow he became tired of living alone and during last vacation took unto himself a wife to help him share the joys of his pilgrimage as he goes forth to roll pills for the heathen.

Age 27, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 165.

Sophomore Marshal Davidson-Wake Forest Debate, '11; Manager Track Team, '11-12; Class Basketball Team, '10-11-12; Varsity Track Team, '10-11-12-13-14; Coach, Track Team, '15.

RUFUS LENOR MATHA, B.A., EV.

Boone, North Carolina

" 'Tis only noble to be good."

Rufus has not sought college honors but with a characteristic steadfastness of purpose has marched face forward. He gets his B.A. in three years. His personality is indeed a unique one. Beneath an exterior of firmness of character akin to the eternal hills from whence he hails, and in which the casual observer sees no sentiment, he hides a heart of purest kindness. His only hobby is making money, and though his chosen profession—teaching—has few Carnegies, we predict a fortune for him some day. Perhaps it will come when he finds a little wife and wields the birch over his own youngsters.

Age 29, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 147.





JETER CONNELLY MCCOURRY, B.A., EU.

Yancey County, North Carolina

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

Jeter is our best example of the all-round college man. He sometimes pulls off the maximum grade; he is a marvel of speed on the basketball floor; he has twice shown himself an adept college politician of the cleanest type; and his splendid voice has won him a reputation on the platform. And he always wears a smile. Despite the disappointments of twice being deprived by illness of honors won, he still smiled, and his smile is like the end of a golden string which leads him up the ladder. In the lexicon of such an optimistic spirit, there is no such word as failure. He chooses the Law; and this young mountaineer will be heard from in the days to come.

Age 24, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 172.

President Sophomore Class, '12-'13; Class Basketball, '13-'14-'15; Anniversary Debater, '14; Wake Forest-Baylor Debate, '14; Honor Committee, '12-'13.

"No stealth of time has thinned my flowing hair."

When you behold this representation, you will be looking upon one of the soundest and most logical thinkers of the Class of '15. This you would readily concede had you heard his Anniversary speech last February. During his four years' work in the Euzelian Society he has never been known to get off hot air, but has given his fellow members something worth while. With his ability as a speaker his audience will be strongly felt in the legal world, for he is contemplating Law as his chosen profession.

Mull is not outspoken; he thinks thoroughly before speaking in regard to anything, and he stands by what he says. Honors have come to Mull unsought. Both fellow-students and the faculty have discovered that John possesses the ability to do things, and as a result they have conferred upon him some of the most responsible positions within their power.

Age 26, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 200.

Assistant in English, '13-'14; Member Debate Council, '13-'14; Alternate Wake Forest-Davidson Debate, '14; Instructor in Mathematics, '14-'15; Chairman Debate Council, '14-'15; First Anniversary Debater, '15; Wake Forest-Richmond Debate, '15; Commencement Speaker, '15.



JOHN P. MULL, B.A., EU.

Cleveland County, North Carolina



WILLIAM P. MULL, M.A., JR.

Casar, North Carolina

"If the doctor cures, the sun sees it;
But if he kills the earth hides it."

Along with his strenuous work as a student in the Medical Department, Jack found sufficient time to get off enough additional work for a Master of Arts degree, in spite of being Instructor in Medicine his last year. He was one of the most popular members of the Class of '14, receiving high honors both from the student body and faculty.

Jack is a real ladiesman, although this representation would hardly cause you to think so. He is simply a "heart-smasher," and the girls everywhere admire Jack. He has chosen the profession of pill-roller, and has been in Jefferson Medical College the past year putting the finishing touch to his training. With his excellent knowledge of his profession we could not expect anything less than success for him.

Age 26, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 140.

Bachelor of Science Degree, 1914.

BENJAMIN O. MYERS, B.A., JR.

Lexington, North Carolina

"A man's a man for a' that."

Myers has shown his love for the '15 boys by staying out one year to take his degree with them. We commend his worthy choice. Myers has been a hard worker all of his time here. He has never sought any honors, though had he returned and graduated with his Class he would have been one of the Senior speakers that year. Furthermore, he would have been Instructor in the Gymnasium the same year also, for he is a good gymnast, having won a "Gym" monogram for his feats in this department.

He is a ministerial student, and has done splendid Society work. For his last two years he has been one of the Mission Group leaders in his end of the dormitory, which gives him some experience in his chosen profession. Besides this, he has found time enough to study music until he has become quite proficient in it, for he made the Glee Club this year. With his ability as a student and mixer we cannot see why Ben shouldn't succeed.

Age 27, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 150.

Treasurer Ministerial Class, '14-15; Member Glee Club, '14-15.





JOHN J. NEAL, B.S., EC.

South Boston, Virginia

"A combination and a form indeed
when every god doth seem to set his seal."

The subject of this picture needs no introduction. His popularity is not confined to the College Campus alone, but with the ladies Johnnie is a hero. Johnnie is also an excellent business man. The recent appearance of his picture in the *Saturday Evening Post* as its Star Salesman has given him national publicity. This man's alarming good nature, overflowing energy, and abundant common sense have won for him an enviable place in the student body. He is an ideal student and a polished gentleman. In electing him chairman of the Student Senate, the student body demonstrated their confidence in his ability and sense of fairness.

Medicine is his chosen profession and in his home State, we predict for him a speedy rise in the medical circle.

Age 22, height 5 feet 10½ inches, weight 173.

Surgeon of Medical Class, '14-15; Chairman of Student Senate, '14-15.

BENJAMIN RANDALL PAGE, B.A., PH.D.

Cumberland County, North Carolina

"A little, round, fat, oily, man of God."

A man with such physical characteristics could hardly be otherwise than jolly and good natured. Ben is not an exception to this by any means.

Ben is educated in the school of life and experience as well as in those things learned in the classroom. He has fought his own way and come out victorious. It is always pleasant to deal with him in any way. All the fellows like him and every man places in him the utmost confidence. His calling is the ministry, and he will undoubtedly make a good and efficient member of the profession. He knows how to deal with men and moreover, how to win their respect and confidence, and then to hold it.

Those of us who know him well will always consider that our college life has been enriched by his acquaintance.

Age 25, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 138.

President of Buies Creek Club, '11; Member of Debate Council, '14-15.





J. R. PARKER, B.A., Ed.
Hertford County, North Carolina

"Get place and wealth, if possible with grace
If not, by any means get wealth and place."

In this young man of magnetic attractions which seemingly draw men towards him, we find many of the characteristics that go to make up a leader. An abundant supply of gray matter and much determination have combined in making him a star in the classroom, while ready wit and kindness of heart have won for him friends that are numbered only by the scope of his acquaintances.

While in college, Roy has asked for no honors, preferring to spend his time in pursuance of other phases of college life. He is a good speaker, a good writer, a college man of the first type.

As a business man, Roy has proved his ability by the successful manner in which he has conducted the sale of "Tailor-made Clothes" for the past three years. But he has decided there is a greater and more useful work in the profession of teaching. His many friends in college have confidence in his ability and wish him the best of success in his chosen profession.

Age 20, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 148.

Prophet Senior Class, '15.

H. D. PEGG, B.A., Ed.
Guilford College, North Carolina

"Strong reasons make strong actions."

Pegg is a fellow who has the determination which will win in any fight. "Persistence" is his watchword. During his stay of four years with us he has completed the work for two degrees. Besides this he has taken active interest in Society and athletics. While he has never sought popularity he has always commanded the highest respect of those who know him.

Pegg expects to teach at present, but will eventually enter the legal profession. If honesty and industry count for anything he will certainly reflect credit on himself and his profession.

Age 25, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 165.

Class football, '12; Class Baseball, '13-14;
Law Baseball, '13-14; President Anniversary
Debate, '15.





EARL PREVETTE, B.A., PHIL.
Wilkes County, North Carolina

"I am the very 'pink' of courtesy."

Prevette, better known as "Pinkey," hails from the big County of Wilkes. He is a good mixer and as a result has taken off several big honors given by the student body and by the societies.

In oratory and debate he has distinguished himself, having had the honor of representing his Society at Anniversary, and that of representing the College in the State Peace Oratorical Contest.

Law is his chosen realm. After graduating here he expects to pursue his Law course at Harvard University. In the years we may expect to see him smoking big black cigars and representing his State in the legislative halls of the Nation.

Age 19, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 160.

Associate Editor of *HOWLER*, '13; Poet Law Class, '13-14; Marshal the Wake Forest-Baylor Debate at Raleigh, '13; Chairman of the Moot Court Case Committee, '14-15; President of the Athletic Association, '14-15; Honor Committee, '14-15; Anniversary Orator, '15; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '14-15; Winner of the Fifty Dollar Prize given by the Peace Oratorical Association of North Carolina, February 19, 1915; Commencement Speaker, '15.

"His look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or Summer's noontide air."

This son of the mountains is as brave as the traditional mountaineer; and he possesses that courtesy and kindness of heart one finds among God's hills. He has not sought the limelight here, being modest in demeanor, but has worked faithfully and wrought well. He gets two degrees in four years; in addition thereto, his ability as an orator and debater has frequently called him to the service of the college and won for him the only honors he would have—the rewards of merit. Here's to Mack, good speaker, good student, good fellow, good friend! He has got the "old law" this year and will locate somewhere in his native mountains where success is bound to follow, "as the night the day."

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 150.

Vice-President Freshman Class, '11-12; Alternate Wake Forest-Baylor Debate at Raleigh, '13; Peace Orator at Greensboro, '14; Wake Forest-Davidson Debater, '14; Substitute Anniversary Debater, '14; Winner Junior Orator's Medal, '13; Vice-President Supreme Court Class, '15; Licensed Attorney, '15; Wake Forest-Richmond Debate, '15; Commencement Speaker, '05.



JETER MCKINLEY PRITCHARD, B.A., EU.
Asheville, North Carolina



C. S. SAWYER, B.A., ET.

Columbia, North Carolina

"He was a man, take him for all in all."

We found Sawyer here on the Campus four years ago, bleating like that species of quadrupeds called goats. Hence, by his imitation he has won this obvious name. Sawyer is a good student; however, he has never hurt himself enough to cause brain fever to trouble him. Whenever it becomes necessary to study he is there with the goods.

Sawyer is a ministerial student and he goes to some theological institution for further training. Never has he delved into politics to any great extent, because he could not do this without his conscience lashing him whenever he thought about his calling. Had it not been for this, doubtless he would have been a politician indeed.

Age 21, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 150.

Treasurer Barren Class, '13; Senior Basketball Team, '14; Preachers Basketball Team, '14.

EDWIN CLEVELAND SEXTON, B.A., PH.D.

Martin County, North Carolina

"Best men are moulded out of faults."

Since his Freshman year Sexton has been noted for his oratory. He has made good use of this gift in Society and in other places where occasion demanded it. He can easily convulse his audience with laughter whenever he chooses.

The fact that he does not carry a long line of honors is no discount on his efficiency and faithfulness as a student. Since his first year he has continually grown in the estimation the fellows have made of him and in their respect.

He has become familiar as the deliverer of the *Evening Times*. In this and other ways he has largely paid his own college expenses by his own hard work.

He will always have our best wishes in his work as a minister of the gospel.

Age 25, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 150.





CLYDE FRANKLIN SMITH, LL.B., PHIL.
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

"The man that loves and laughs must sure do well."

"Hunk" (or "Smitty," for his many sided personality cannot be expressed in one nickname), is one of the most popular men in college. He is the possessor of an individuality—a blend of optimistic feature, cavalier bearing and affable disposition—which impresses itself indelibly upon those who know him. There is ginger in him, and it injects itself into his relations with men just as it does into his gymnasium work. For "Hunk" has been for two years the physical instructor who has drilled us in the Swedish and taught us all the "stunts." That accounts for the erectness of his carriage, the celerity of his movement, and his fine physique. A consistent worker, a man of affairs, and a good fellow.

Age 21, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 145.

Class Football, '14-12; '12-13; Class Basketball, '14-15; Marshal Junior-Sophomore Debate, '12; Captain Gym Team, '13-14; Instructor in Physical Culture, '13-14, '14-15.

"True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Shrinks not tho' fortune aims her deadliest
blow."

A really true gentleman of worth is Senator Smith. Those of us who have come in intimate contact with him have formed attachments which we will unwillingly sever. He re-entered College in January, 1914, having received his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1911. Smith entered the law school and made an enviable record for himself. The fact that he received the Clark Prize for the most proficient member of the Supreme Court Class is clear and convincing evidence that he is a careful and an astute student of the law.

The student body last fall chose him as the chairman of their Senate Committee, and in this capacity he rendered valuable service.

Smith goes to High Point to enter the practice of the law. Physically, morally, and intellectually equipped for his profession, we predict for him a future teeming with success.

Age 25, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 140.

Bachelor of Arts Degree, 1911; Chairman of Senate, '14-15; Winner of Clark Prize, '15; Licensed Attorney, 1915.



JULIUS CLARENCE SMITH, B.A., LL.B., ESQ.
High Point, North Carolina



BEVERLY TOWNSEND SUSTARE, B.A., LL.B., EU.
Matthews, North Carolina

"It is a great thing to know the season for speech and the season for silence."

Here is a man who seems to have realized that there is a sure reward for the lawyer who does not neglect his preparation. Beverly was not satisfied with his Bachelor of Arts degree, nor even his Law License, but presents himself again this year and asks for the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He will search yet further in the legal lore at Columbia University.

He has already gained a practical knowledge of Banking and Insurance in the Bank of Wake and done this in connection with his college work, taking two degrees in four years. Unless some corporation learns of his ability and tempts him with its money beyond resistance, we shall not be surprised to hear his fellow lawyers some time address him—"If it please Your Honor," etc.

Age 24, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 170.

Licensed Lawyer, '14.

JACKSON V. TEAGUE, B.A., EU.

Alexander County, North Carolina

"A man with a conviction and a will."

Jack hails from the mountains of Alexander. After two years of successful college life he turned aside for two years to instruct the youth. The fact he returned and finished his college course is but one expression of his indomitable courage. He is a good student and a conscientious, hard working man. He has convictions of his own and is always ready to defend them. When thoroughly aroused his argument is characterized by a tenacious holdness and pugnacity.

With all his strength of muscles and intellect, even with his great courage and iron will, he fell a victim to Cupid's arrow six months before graduation. Jack goes out from college a married man, a pastor and a preacher of great promise.

Age 32, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 175.

Society Day Orator, '14.





HERBERT MOFFITT VANN, B.S., E.U.
Danville, Virginia

"Ripe in wisdom was he and beloved by all."

This young man from the Old Dominion in 1911 invaded this seat of learning; and during his stay with us, a more loyal student has not tread the campus. He has always been thoroughly devoted to his class and in every college sport has shown "true blue," in defeat as well as victory. He is not an athlete, but at every athletic contest he has been on the side line with a spirit that was not only transmitted to his fellows, but even to the participants.

As a student, he is recognized in the first rank, his work being so thorough that our faculty granted to him an assistant's place in the Medical Department for two years, which he has filled with eminent satisfaction. He not only takes with him the B.S. Degree, but completes the work for the M.A. Degree. He goes next year to some northern university to imbibe further knowledge in his profession; and it is needless to vouch for his success.

Age 22, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 165.

Class Football, '11-12; Assistant in Embryology, '13-14; Vice-President Medical Class, '13-14; Assistant in Anatomy, '14-15; President Medical Class, '14-15; Member Honor Committee, '14-15.

JOHN WILLARD VANN, B.S., E.U.
Danville, Virginia

"To heal the sick is an honorable profession."

This young Virginian fulfills every requirement in the popular conception of a scholar. This fact is proved by the large number of friends he has made, both among the students and faculty. As a student, he has few equals, for in addition to completing work for his B.S. and M.A. degrees in four years, he has the rare distinction of having been a member of the "Scrub Faculty" for three years. Bill is also an athlete of no mean type. Without him the Senior Class could never have won the championship in Basketball.

We predict that the medical world will hear from this man.

Age 20, height 6 feet, weight 156.

Instructor in German, '12-13-14; Assistant in Histology, '14-15; Amiversary Marshal, '13; Class Basketball, '13-14-15; Medical Class Basketball, '14-15; Medical Class Baseball, '14; Poet Medical Class, '14.





C. C. WARD, B.A., Eu.

Perquimans County, North Carolina

"Your deeds are known
In deeds that kindle glory from the stain."

Carlyle, or "C. C." as he is better known to the student body, comes to us after one year at Elon College. During that year he was Anniversary Debater from his Society. He has not had the time to give to his literary Society at Wake Forest that he had at Elon. However he has had his hands full completing four years' work in three. He has worked hard, diligently, and wisely, and is a student of the first order. His time he has never wasted but used to good advantage. He is a capital fellow, modest in both custom and manner, faithful to his friends to the end.

"C. C." has taken an active interest in politics while at Wake Forest and his ambition seems to be to "look after the ladies," being marshal at a debate and commencement marshal his second year. He expects to teach a year or two and go into business.

Age 23, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 165.

Marshal Sophomors-Junior Debate, '13-14;
Chief Marshal Commencement, '14.

E. L. WARD, B.S., Eu.

Perquimans County, North Carolina

"The true sovereign is the wise man."

We found Erwin on the Hill when we came four years ago, but this does not mean he has been here ever since. He has decided to take his B.S. in the Engineering Department along with the Class of '15. He has never done a great deal of Society work, but nevertheless, he has been a loyal member to his Society.

He has won a reputation as a "Math" student, and the faculty have seen fit to honor him with some very creditable positions in that department. Be this said to his credit, all his honors have sought him, and have not been given to him by the workings of a politician.

Age 22, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150.

Assistant in Mathematics, '12-13; Assistant in Applied Mathematics, '14-15; President Scrub Faculty, '11-15.





A. C. WARLICK, M.A., Ec.

Cleveland County, North Carolina

"A man of courage never wants a weapon."

Warlick received his B.A. last year, and now comes back for his M.A. During his four years here he has found time to get off enough additional work for the Master of Arts Degree, besides acting as Instructor in Mathematics his Junior and Senior years. He had much to do in bringing up the financial side of the last two issues of the *Howler*. This year he has been serving as Assistant Principal of Matthews High School. In this he is making an enviable record, and is distinguishing himself somewhat as a professional "Are Light."

Warlick has taken up the pedagogical toga. With his ability as a thorough and all-round student, there is a great future ahead of him as a wielder of the birch.

Age 26, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 155.

Bachelor of Arts Degree, '14; Assistant Principal of Matthews High School, '14-15.

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?"

This is one of the most versatile men in the Senior class, and is a good man anywhere he is placed. He has entered almost every phase of college life, and has proved his worth in all. Not only is he a good student, but as a speaker he ranks among the very best in college. As Senior debater in the Anniversary debate he delivered one of the strongest and most logically arranged speeches ever made upon this occasion. On the athletic field, as well as on the platform, he is a hard and consistent worker, and, although he has never been a bright star, in both baseball and football he has done valiant service.

Basil is a true friend to all who know him, and there is nothing of the frivolous in him. He is sincere in all he does, and every act he performs is worthy of him who accomplishes it. A better all-round man cannot be found in the Senior class and ere long this man will be doing valiant service for his State.

Age 21, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 160.

First Debater Anniversary, 1915; Historian of the Senior Class, 1915; Captain of Sophomore, Baseball Team, 1912, Varsity Football Team, 1915; Commencement speaker, 1915.



BASIL M. WATKINS,

Goldsboro, North Carolina



BAHNSON WEATHERS, B.S., PH.D.

Wake County, North Carolina

"There are more occupations in this world than feeling a woman's pulse."

Weathers is one of those lucky, good-natured fellows, who is a general favorite with his class. He combines the qualities of a good fellow with those of a good student—an excellent combination.

His work in the medical department has been of such a type that it caused him to be chosen as assistant in the Department of Bacteriology and Pathology. As he goes north next year to continue his studies in some higher university the best wishes of the members of his class go with him. His very nature assures us of his final success as a "Doctour of Phisick."

Age 21, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 115.

Historian of Medical Class, '14-15; Assistant in Bacteriology and Pathology, '14-15; Treasurer Senior Class, '14-15.

L. C. WESTON, B.A., Ec

Iredell County, North Carolina

"Of sturdy worth his deeds best show."

Here is a man whose very appearance is suggestive of energy and potentiality. When seen in the gymnasium he is no less competent than his physique presents; having been successful in all contests for gym. jerseys he proceeds with unlimited patience to show Freshmen how to acquire that same art in which he has become so efficient.

Weston came to us three years ago with a determination to make good, and with untiring and correct habits of study he has realized his aim. He will enter the ministry, where he will no doubt make a mark.

Age 27, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight 170.

Vice-President Ministerial Class, '15; Class Basketball, '14-15; Leader of Mission Group, '14; Married December 6, 1913.





SIDNEY W. WHITE, LL.B., ESQ.

Elizabeth City, North Carolina

"A brave man seeks not popular applause."

Sidney comes back to us after teaching a year in Georgia, and demands of his Alma Mater a Bachelor of Laws Degree. While at Wake Forest he made several friends who treasure his friendship dearly. Sidney is noted for his grit and industry, a combination which guarantees success. On the Football field he demonstrated the fact that as to grit he had no peer, while on the street and college campus with a laundry bag on his shoulder, he vindicated his industry.

Law is his chosen profession. His pluck, grit, and industry, coupled with his knowledge of the law, guarantee him success in the large world.

Age 23, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 130.

Teacher, Newnan, Georgia; Bachelor of Arts Degree, '14

E. B. WHITEHURST, B.S., PH.D.

Beaufort, North Carolina

"A learned physician and man slayer."

"White," as he is commonly known among the fellows, is a man who stands well in his class, especially among the men of the Medical Department.

His athletic figure has often been seen on the basketball floor and on the baseball field, where he has ably upheld his class honors. In spite of his heavy work in the Medical Department he stuck to the basketball squad.

A glance at the list of his college honors will show that "White" is not a one-sided fellow. As you have perhaps guessed, he intends becoming a doctor, and will continue his studies at some northern medical college next year.

Age 22, height 5 feet 11½ inches, weight 165.

Class Baseball, '12-13; Medical Basketball Team, '13-14; Scrub Basketball Team, '13-14; Captain Senior Basketball Team, '15; Captain Medical Basketball Team, '14-15; Varsity Basketball Squad, '15; Vice-President Senior Class; Student Senate, '14-15.





E. J. WILLIAMS, B.S., Ev.
Wingate, North Carolina

"After death the doctor takes the fee."

Williams is one who can be trusted on any and all occasions; he is on the job whenever it is necessary. He has preferred to become as thoroughly acquainted with his profession as possible, rather than to devote much time in Society. This does not mean he is not a loyal member to his Society, for he has shown his loyalty in other ways. During his stay here he has been seen on the gridiron and the floor, doing his part in helping to develop a strong team.

He has chosen Medicine as the most worthy thing he could follow in life, and he goes to some northern university to continue his study in that department. It appears that he is fairly well acquainted with his work in view of the position he holds in the College Hospital.

Age 24, height 6 feet 6 inches, weight 200.

Class Basketball, '12-13-14; Captain Sophomore Basketball Team, '12-13; Medical Basketball, '13-14-15; Manager Junior Basketball Team, '13-14; Manager of Senior Basketball Team, '14-15; Chaplain of Medical Class, '14-15; Varsity Basketball Squad '14; Member Football Squad, '14; Glee Club, '14-15; Interne College Hospital, '14-15.

R. E. WILLIAMS, B.A., Ev.
Chase City, Virginia
"In this awkward body is lodged a big mind."

"Fleet," as he is known to his friends, has only been with us three years. However, in that short space of time, he has made an indelible impression on our minds. In all the catalogue of mankind, he is one of the few whom we love better every time we see him.

In intellectual ability, Fleet has few equals among College students. He has the ability to master a subject with wonderful ease and rapidity. He has the true attributes of a gentleman. During his three years with us, he has worked unceasingly in behalf of athletics at Wake Forest. In the matter of the arrangement of schedules he is without a peer. No friend has ever called upon him for assistance in vain. His steadfastness to his friends and to whatever cause he may espouse is proverbial.

Those of us who know him intimately feel as if our lives have been enriched by coming in contact with him. As he goes out to his life's work, we give him a word of encouragement.

Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 165.

Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '14; Associate Editor of *Wake Forest Student*, '13-14; Senate Committee, '14-15





THOMAS LACY WILLIAMS, B.A., PH.D.

Wake County, North Carolina

"The world means something to the capable."

A brilliant young fellow from Wake now holds our attention. He has beat the rest of the class by dropping out a year and then getting his degree with us just as if nothing had happened. We must allow that he had to have a good head to do it. His ability, his close attention to his duties, and his business-like appearance, have won the respect and confidence of all the fellows who know him.

In addition to this, somebody said that a certain young lady heard another young lady say that he was "cute." This happened several years ago and at Anniversary too, so we must not take it too seriously, even though he *is* popular among the ladies.

He has already become a pedagogue and is making good in his profession, just as we suspected he would do.

Age 23, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 140.

Sophomore Basketball Team, '12-13; Junior Editor of *HOWLER*, '13-14.



Senior Poem

Now comes the time when we must part,
And each take place in the busy mart;
Of every deed four years have wrought,
Remember only friends they've brought.

Strike from the list each bitter word,
Each political feud and tale we've heard;
Where'er we be, what'er we do,
To college comrades always true.

We'll ne'er forget, nor e'er disgrace
The days we've spent in this dear place;
And each 'Fifteen shall add his name
To Alma Mater's far-flung fame.

History of the Senior Class

Having reached the end of the happy days of college life, and the conclusion of the period of excusable dependence on father and mother for support, we now stand on the verge of a life that must be judged according to our own actions. Therefore, I must tell you of how our time has been spent in college, so that, when in future years you hear of the wonders accomplished by members of our class, you may look wise and say to your friend, "I am not surprised. He was a member of that famous Class of 1915."

Of the history of our Freshman year, nothing needs to be said. Life for us, during that year, was similar to that of every other class that has gone before us. Suffice it to say that we were just a little greener than the greenest had ever been, just a little fresher than the freshest had ever been. As a proof of this fact I need only to remind you of the morning of the memorable occasion when we perfected our organization. Many events happened that morning that have gone down in history as typical Freshman "bones." Chief among these events was the patriotic speech of one of our members, who rose to his feet and said: "I know not what my fellow classmates desire, but my wishes were proclaimed by the immortal Hannibal, when he said, 'Give me liberty or give me death.' " The speaker took his seat amidst applause, while a loud roar of laughter was heard on the outside of the hall. The Sophomores had arrived and were forcing an entrance into the room. We disbanded at once and hurried away. Throughout that entire year we were diligently guarded by the Sophomores, and spring found us well trained in the arts of dancing, not with ladies, singing, and running races. This was excellent training for us. When we returned to college in the fall of that same year we entered upon our duties as Sophomores with a dignity that could be attained only by former good training.

During this year hazing was practically abolished and our members were forced to spend their time in the pursuance of other phases of college life. This proved to be beneficial, for much was accomplished during the hours that would otherwise have been wasted. Freshmen were ignored and the responsibility of "training them up in the way they should go" was shifted to the shoulders of the Senate Committee. The fact that that group of esteemed gentlemen failed utterly in the performance of their duties was a source of much sorrow to us, but the matter could not be helped, and we are telling it to you now only as a profound secret.

Our Junior year was spent in hard, persistent efforts, characterized by the sobriety that generally marks that period of college life. All were looking forward to the time when we could call ourselves Seniors. In order that we might be well prepared to enjoy our last year, we were busy with the removal of all conditions on back work. The close of that year found us tired out, and it was with great joy that we began our last march toward the coveted goal.

According to tradition, this, our last march, was destined to be our hardest; and many of us feared that the road would be rough. But time soon allayed our fears, and experience showed that we were well able to overcome all difficulties. Psychology, Logic and Ethics presented themselves as the final barriers between us and our degrees; and these time honored studies of horror and dread were passed in such easy fashion as to cause many of the members of our class to refer to them as "cinches." The fears that we once had are now laughed to scorn, and we will never again be fooled by deceptive traditions.

In the phases of college life, outside of the classroom, we have been well represented. Among our numbers may be found many speakers of marked ability. Chief among the orators are Yates Arledge and Earl Prevette, who gave such wonderful accounts of themselves at Anniversary. Prevette also made a reputation for himself and his Alma Mater, when he won the fifty dollar prize in the State Inter-collegiate Peace Contest. In inter-collegiate debates we have furnished five men: Tom Ayers, A. L. Carlton, J. M. Pritchard, J. C. McCourry, and J. P. Mull. All of these men are good debaters and have rendered valuable service to the College.

To athletics, we have contributed the following "W" men: Abernethy, Holding, Billings, Carriek, Hensley, Watkins. Our Class has been well represented in every phase of athletics.

In Class athletics we have always furnished good teams. But owing to the fact that so many of our men were good enough for the Varsity, we have never won a championship.

At the time of our entry into Wake Forest, the College Glee Club and Orchestra had not been in active service for several years. But with the able assistance of several members of our Class Dr. Hubert Potat succeeded in reorganizing it, and his efforts have been crowned with success. The members of our Class who have rendered such valuable service in this respect are Ayers, Dotson, Carriek, Hall and Alderman.

In the pursuance of our studies, we have branched off into different lines of work, each member taking the course which would best prepare him for his life's work. Among our numbers may be found men in almost every profession in life. There are doctors, lawyers, preachers, teachers, business men, and still others who have not decided what they will do. Many of the lawyers have already completed their work and obtained their license to practice law. In this number may be found the names of Abernethy, Knott, Sustare, Cashwell, C. M. Adams, and J. A. Adams. Those in the other professions have not been able to complete their work here and will finish their preparation in higher universities.

Despite the fact that we boast of ourselves as men of brains and ability, yet there are some few members of our Class who have showed themselves so weak as to succumb to the darts from Cupid and take unto themselves wives. We ask of you that you do not judge the whole Class by the actions of these few, but regard the whole Class as a unit and form your opinion from the actions of the majority.

HISTORIAN.

Senior Class Prophecy

"Patience and perseverance overcome the greatest difficulties."¹ I had carefully read *HOWLER* after *HOWLER*, and consulted every other available source of information for four long months, endeavoring to reveal, or have revealed to me, a true prophecy of the Class of '15. But I had no visions; no dreams; conjuring seemed a lost art; all the spirits of Wolf's Den had mysteriously disappeared; Bacchus failed to give me the proper inspiration; psychology, metaphysics, Greek philosophy, and even the prophetic books of the Bible failed me. Notwithstanding all these fruitless attempts, I was signally rewarded on the night of January 10, 1915.

It was on this eventful night that I passed one more milestone down the road of life. For three hours I had been reclining in a comfortable rocking chair before a huge open grate piled high with glowing timbers. During this time I had been incessantly smoking cigarettes—my last package—and at the same time brooding over my present troubles—mostly financial. I now turned for a few minutes to a period of day dreaming, but, how I longed for prophetic powers, that I might for a few minutes dip into the future.

Simultaneously with the ushering in of my twentieth year, as the hands of my "Big Ben" rested across the figure twelve, I took one long puff from my last "Fatima." Drawing the smoke down by a deep inhalation, I held it for a moment in my lungs, then blew it out of my mouth into a perfect ring. The ring of smoke slowly drifted upward, all the time gradually expanding into an even more perfect circle as it expanded. In a moment the ring had come in contact with the ceiling, and as it touched went to pieces. But, what do I see? At the exact spot the ring had touched the ceiling a hole was pierced, and just above the hole appeared a woman's face. I took one short, quick glance. It was enough. I recognized the face as being the one stamped on Fatima cigarette packages.

"Being sorely afraid," I rushed for the door, but the head beckoned me to my chair. Fearing the consequences of disobedience, I returned to my seat, and as I sat down she said:

"I am Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet the Great Prophet, and I am myself a prophetess of the family of Fatimites of Egypt." She spoke further, "You have been a faithful smoker of my cigarettes. Tonight you have celebrated your birthday by firmly resolving to stop them. Not only, then, for your faithfulness to me, but also to gratify your longing for prophetic powers, I bestow upon you my secret power for thirty minutes." Having spoken these words, she disappeared, and the ceiling became intact.

And thence for thirty minutes I was clothed with prophetic powers. Quick as a flash the thought came into my mind that this was the culmination of all

my untiring efforts to produce a prophecy for the Senior Class. The following is an exact copy of what I wrote down in that half hour.

John Gatling, junior member of the firm of Winston & Gatling, lawyers, located in Windsor, N. C., was in 1929 serving as Congressman from the Second Congressional District. In this year he announced his candidacy for Senator Simmons's seat in the Senate after the latter had signified his intention of retiring at the end of his term in 1930.

Mr. Gatling was, however, not without strong opposition. Hon. J. A. Abernethy, one of Gatling's colleagues on the floor of the House, and Attorney C. C. Cashwell, a renowned political reformer, of Wilmington, were early out in the campaign for nomination.

The campaign which ensued will be remembered for years to come as the fiercest and most vigorous political battle ever fought out in North Carolina. Each candidate called on his old classmates of 1915 to aid in the campaign, and they responded nobly.

Hon. J. A. Adams, considered to be the ablest lawyer of the State, who was later appointed Federal Judge, was chosen to direct Gatling's campaign. Attorney L. S. Brassfield, a shrewd politician, located at Raleigh, went to the eastern part of the State to speak in behalf of Gatling; Hon. A. Y. Arledge, a prominent member of the State Senate, toured Western Carolina for Gatling; while he himself confined his labors mainly to Central Carolina, the stronghold of his opponent, Abernethy.

Mr. C. E. Chambliss, who was editor of the State's greatest daily paper, the *Wilson News Disturber*, was using the columns of his paper in behalf of Mr. Gatling's nomination. Even Dr. R. E. Williams, head of the English Department at the University of Virginia, left his post of duty to accompany Mr. Gatling on his campaign tour of the State. Dr. B. Weathers, of Raleigh, acted as treasurer for Mr. Gatling, and received heavy contributions from the following men: Mr. J. L. Allen, Jr., President of the Seaboard Air Line Railway; Mr. J. E. Bobbitt, President of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington; Mr. B. M. Watkins, who had piled up a huge fortune contributing leading articles to national magazines; Mr. M. H. Jones, President of the National Bank of Commerce, of New York City; and Mr. C. C. Ward, who gave up the teaching profession and became a "bull" on the New York Cotton Exchange.

But, both Abernethy and Cashwell were supported by some of the State's biggest and brainiest men. Attorney B. T. Sustare, of the firm Adams (C. M.) & Sustare, corporation lawyers at Statesville, took care of Central Carolina for Abernethy. Abernethy canvassed Eastern Carolina, while Senator W. H. Fisher was sent to Western Carolina.

Cashwell's candidacy was advanced by the following men: Attorney R. C. Causey in Eastern Carolina; Professor C. W. Curriek in the Central part of the State; and, by Cashwell himself in the West. Rev. A. Lee Carlton, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Winston-Salem, deserted the pulpit and aided Cashwell's forces in their strenuous fight. Dr. T. Ivey, a noted social reformer, and

Professor C. A. Gregory, of Wake Forest College, were ardent supporters of Mr. Cashwell.

Suffice it to say, it was a fierce and bitter campaign, having no clearly defined issues, but being merely man versus man. So fierce was the campaign and so keen the pang of defeat that Abernethy contested the nomination on the ground of fraud. But the judges of the returns, consisting of Dr. E. B. Whitehurst, of New Bern, Professor E. L. Ward and Rev. C. S. Sawyer, both of Edenton, after two weeks' tabulation of the vote unanimously declared Mr. Gatling the duly nominated candidate of the Democratic party.

Let us now turn to a review of the Wake Forest men present and active in the workings of the Southern Baptist Convention held at Columbia, S. C., in 1926. At the head of the Convention, serving his third consecutive term, was Rev. J. U. Teague of Louisburg, N. C. Rev. L. U. Weston acted as clerk, and Revs. R. L. Brown, of Charleston, S. C., and F. A. Bobbitt, of Henderson, N. C., served as vice-presidents. Rev. B. R. Page, of Fayetteville, preached the introductory sermon, and Rev. B. O. Myers the farewell sermon of the Convention.

In a report made by Rev. W. L. Griggs, chairman of the Foreign Mission Board, glowing tributes were paid to the memory of V. E. Duncan and M. L. Braun, both of whom had met untimely deaths while on a missionary tour in the African jungles. Duncan unfortunately caught a poison bug in his mouth and choked to death before he could find medical aid. Dr. Braun died from a scorched brain, he having refused to wear any form of headgear. Special mention was given in the report to the great work being done by Revs. R. S. Fountain and E. C. Sexton. Professor Inscow, of the Department of English at the Seminary in Louisville, reviewed the work of that institution in its preparation of young ministers, and of the splendid success of A. G. Carter, Professor of Bible, and J. P. Mull, Instructor in Oratory and Debate.

Drs. H. M. and J. W. Vann, after many years of hard and persistent work in their private laboratory at Danville, Va., discovered a sure cure for the liquor habit. Honorable G. W. Greene, a figure of national prominence in the legal profession, was retained by the Vann brothers to form a stock company, which was to provide for the manufacture and sale of this wonderful cure. Attorney Greene organized the proposed company and induced some of the nation's wealthiest men to take stock, among them being the following: I. T. Johnston, a famous author, and a prohibitionist in politics only; Dr. E. J. Williams, sole owner of Johns Hopkins Hospital; Dr. R. C. Gyles, who had cleaned up a fortune selling his great compound, "Gyles's Pain Remover," a medicine designed and prepared especially for college students; Dr. J. E. Howell, a prominent physician and farmer, located near Suffolk, Va.; and B. B. Hensley, Attorney for the Baseball Players' Fraternity.

The following record of the Class of '15 was read by the class secretary at a reunion of the class held at Wake Forest at the Commencement of 1940:

"Pinky" Prevette reached the goal of his ambition, when on January 1, 1940, he was chosen leader of Tammany Hall.

"Mac" Pritchard was a leading attorney of Asheville till 1935, at which time he was appointed to succeed his father as Federal judge.

J. C. McCourry and M. A. Honeycutt, Attorneys at Burnsville, became the political bosses of that entire section of the State. Dr. C. A. Hensley practiced medicine in the same town, and he was at the same time the social leader of the community.

Attorney E. J. Knott, of Henderson, was elected Attorney-General at the election of 1936.

V. R. Johnson practiced law at Pittsboro till 1930, in that year entering upon his duties as Judge of the Western District Court.

Attorney H. D. Pegg, of Greensboro, was appointed postmaster of his city in 1928.

Tom Ayera was practicing law at Wake Forest, the town and some of its people being dear to him, on account of reasons familiarly known to all his classmates.

Grady Dotson has never been seen since he sailed in 1925 for the South Pole on an expedition fostered by Captain C. F. Smith, a noted explorer. It is rumored that both of these men are training a glee club and orchestra composed solely of the natives of the Frigid Zone, and that they are expecting to tour the United States in a few years.

Attorney G. H. King spent his whole life in Wake Forest, where he practiced law and ran a barber shop.

J. C. Jones was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction in 1936.

Posie Downs taught in a State High School for two years after leaving College, then retired to the simple but independent life of a farmer. The remaining years of this plain man's life were spent in tilling the soil and raising up a family of young "Posies."

L. W. Smith, a licensed pharmacist of Wake Forest, was elected President of the State Pharmaceutical Board in 1925.

"Mig" Billings for ten years after his graduation was the greatest big league ball player either before or during his time. For six years he led the players of all leagues in fielding, batting, base-stealing, and run-getting. In 1926 he made the longest home run ever made by any ball player, being married during this year to the nation's wealthiest heiress. The following year he retired from active ball playing, and was elected President of the American League to succeed Ban Johnson.

PROMPT.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of 'Fifteen, realizing that the time is fast approaching for us to depart from this sphere, being in full possession of a sound mind, memory, and understanding, do make and declare this our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

And first we direct that our funeral services be conducted by our executors hereinafter named, in such a manner as they may deem our standing in college life will merit.

As to the estate that we at any time have acquired by our untiring zeal and perseverance, we do dispose of as follows:

We give and bequeath to the College, whatever of the information and knowledge we have at any time acquired, that she may see fit to use in the enlightenment and uplift of any who may choose to follow us.

We give and bequeath to our beloved Dean, a reprieve from keeping a record, and notifying us of our many shortcomings. No more will he be pained to turn a deaf ear to our worthy pleadings.

We give and bequeath to the Class of 'Sixteen, the following entailed estate:

1. Senior dignity, which we realize they are rightful heirs to. We very much fear that it will be difficult for these complaisant gentlemen to achieve this high station in college life.

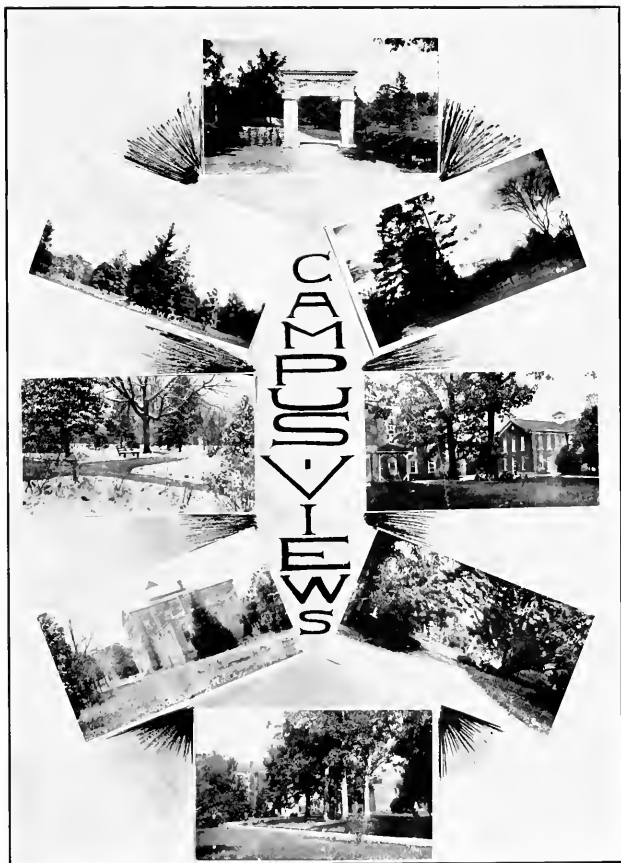
2. Senior privileges, with the one proviso, that they at no time shall abuse said privileges; and if said privileges are at any time abused they shall be taken by the faculty and held by said faculty, their heirs and assigns, forever.

We give to the student body as a whole, not of necessity but as a pledge of our friendship, the following advice: carefully scrutinize your under-classmen and you will see yourselves as you have been seen by your predecessors. We assure you that if this advice is accepted it will lead you to success and glory.

The remainder of our property, of whatsoever nature and quality it may be, not hereinbefore disposed of, we give and bequeath to the faculty, to be equally divided among them, to use in whatsoever way they may see fit.

And we do hereby appoint and constitute said faculty sole executors of this our last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof we the Class of 'Fifteen, the testators, have to this our will, written on one sheet of parchment, set our hand and seal, this twenty-first day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.



Senior Vote

Stirring speeches were made; big black cigars were freely distributed; there was "legging" by the oily tongued. The most enticing (and, in fact, the most practical) bribes offered were the movies and a "drink." The voting was fierce. The many powers, talents, accomplishments, virtues of the men of the good class of 1915, by a free election, have been voted as follows:

The ladies first. "It" Johnston had things his way till Yates Arledge, in his nomination speech, painted the charms of cute little M. L. Braun - his figure - his beautiful hair - and oh! his baby stare. He won! E. L. Ward didn't crack a smile when they elected him the most dignified. "Pinky" dropped out in the beginning. Four deserving men fought for the distinction of the hardest worker, B. Weathers winning out with "Governor" Gatling. C. C. Ward and Mig Billings close behind. Yates Arledge didn't have a ghost of a show when L. U. Weston "busted" the ballot box as the strongest Shannonizer.

However, when it came to the tight wad, J. E. Bobbitt made "Finxtus" look like a spendthrift. Cashwell was nominated for the best politician, but "Pinky" Prevotte was elected on account of his ability to chew on the end of an El Toro, whirl a cane and make a speech against Catholicism. Ira T. Johnston's "mighty line" won for him the distinction of the best writer. "Mac" Pritchard ran a good race, but John Mull was elected the best debater. Yates Arledge is our promising rival of Desmothenes.

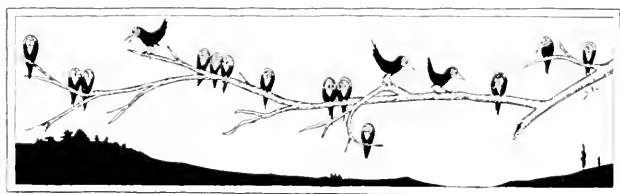
Charles Hensley was deserving, but when Duncan's ingenious scheme, which assures comfort and reduces the chances of embarrassments to a minimum while attired in correct evening dress, was taken into consideration, he was unanimously elected the hottest sport that ever paid forty-five cents for a ticket to Meredith town. After many speeches and a hot fight with "Johnnie," "Hunk" won the distinction of being the biggest rounder. It was close! Charles Hensley whispered to E. B. Whitehurst that he would give him a chew of "Climax." That settled it. This man of the peerless pompadour and required six-foot anatomy was tickled to death when we was elected the handsomest man. The supporters of Dotson and Ed. Howell said that they knew there was something crooked. Undaunted and proving his right to the honor, Ed. Howell came back strong and was unanimously elected the most optimistic of the class.

About that time President Gatling threw the reverse lever down to the last notch and without a single dissenting vote J. U. Teague was elected pessimist. "Two can live as cheap as one because they have to." "Pinky" Prevotte and "Big" Ed Williams were nominated as the wittiest men. Finally "Big" Ed, to secure H. M. Vann's vote, sang "Captain, the boat is up the river," and won out. E. B. Whitehurst swore that the ballot was stuffed when A. G. Carter was elected as logician. Little Roy Allen is truly the most reserved. B. O. Myers

ran against him, but lost out on the first ballot. E. B. Whitehurst would have been elected, but refused to pay "Hunk" Smith, his campaign manger, the two coupons he promised him. The excitement abated during the election of Fountain as the most modest. R. L. Brown's opposition was feeble.

When nominations for the best athlete were called there was but one—"Miggie" Billings. By unanimous vote this distinction and honor was properly given to "Miggie," who merits and deserves it. Tom Ayers was the best songster, but John Hall with his latest song hit, "Toodle-de dum," had poor Tom's already over-worked heart doing back flips during the election. He has made a close study of the question and allied himself with the sex; therefore "Fleet" Williams is the suffragette leader and will defend woman's rights. He can answer any question on the subject and has valuable tips for those who aspire to become ladiesmen. B. O. Myers ran against him and received one vote. When it came to the "B.S." "Mac" Pritchard had "Hunk" Smith laid in the shade until sufficiently recuperated. R. L. Brown was the first nominee, but he withdrew when the other two were nominated.

Girls! Stop! Look and Listen! there is not a woman-hater among us. We all love the ladies. Turn the first pages of the 1915 Howler and gaze upon our happy faces, make note of our addresses and take deliberate and considerate consideration of our desirable qualities.



'16

— AND ALL OF 'EM BIRDS.



MISS ALBERTA BROWN
Sponsor
JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class Officers

J. B. EDWARDS	President
K. A. PITTMAN	Vice-President
W. S. BURLISON	Secretary
S. J. BLACKMAN	Treasurer
J. E. NEWBOLD	Historian
R. C. TATUM	Prophet
A. L. DENTON	Poet

Junior Class Poem

Three long years have nearly passed,
And toilsome tho they've fleeted past,
Since we as Freshmen brave and bold
In College first our names enrolled.

Here strangers in a foreign land,
Discouragement came on every hand,
And oft we homeward turned our eyes,
With prayers and cares and wistful sighs.

But since that time, old College dear,
We've found thy life is not so drear,
We've learned thy customs, arts and ways,
And found with thee our brightest days.

We love thee, and our loving cares
Will die not with our College years,
But make of each a faithful friend
That closer cleaves when near the end

And whereso'er we dwell or roam—
Thro morning light or evening gloom
We'll ne'er forget thy tender care,
Great answer to our Mother's prayer

History of the Junior Class

When one gets to be an upper-classman he soon forgets that he was a Newish, but I think the members of our class will agree with the writer that we are in sympathy with the Freshmen, and look back to our first year in college as being the best.

The class of Nineteen-sixteen entered college with the large number of one hundred and seventy-five—the largest class that had ever registered. The upper-classmen as a whole were very kind to us, helping us to find places to board and especially to arrange our work. Only the Sophs gave us a little worry, and our first trip to the movies was interrupted by them with a demand for a song and dance. This we rendered with a smile and, not until we were advised by the Senate Committee that we were neither to be seen or heard after 7 p. m., did we become disheartened and homesick. Now after we had bought a handbook and learned the rules therein, we soon settled down to work.

When basketball began we soon had a strong team, defeated the Sophs by accident, and gave the Juniors a hard fight for class championship. We did not do quite so well in baseball; in fact, we were afraid to beat the Sophs twice in one year, and therefore our men did only enough for the class to be proud of them. The greatest pleasure that we had from our Freshman year was helping to root for the best college baseball team in the South at that time.

Having passed through the joy of our Newish year and the pleasure of vacation, we again arrived at the Hill as Sophomores, one hundred and ten strong. We began our second year of college life by "doing unto others as was done unto us." After being satisfied that the Newish would from then on be afraid of us, and that we were "the" class, we soon got down to hard work. However, when football began we were right there and contributed largely to the Varsity, giving such men as Moore, Blackman, Riddick, Powell, Stallings, White and Daniels, and our class team was unusually strong. The Freshmen played us hard, but the fine headwork of Carter and the long run by Perry decided the game in our favor. And of course, we will always remember the basketball team of that year which won the class championship for us. In this we were represented by Hall, Holding, R., Hensley, Yates, Ashcraft and Huntly.

Aside from athletics we did much for the literary life of the college, putting forth such men as Cox, Hunter, Burleson, Lovelace, Edwards, Pitman and Boone. We might also mention here that we took the final stand against hazing. This evil usually fails for lack of support from the Sophomore class. But our class took pride in trying to place the college above that barbarous habit which is now carried on in too many of our American colleges.

Only eighty members answered to the roll call when we assembled to organize the Junior Class of 1914. Some had become dissatisfied and joined the Sen-

iors, while others failed to show up. However, with the remaining few, we elected officers and started life anew. On November the 15 we had a called meeting of the class and contributed two hundred and fifty dollars to the new church, and we also helped with the other classes, to raise five hundred dollars for the building of a cottage at Blue Ridge.

The football game with the Seniors was postponed on account of bad weather. It grieved us to let such a chance pass, but luck was against us.

Our basketball squad, which was composed of Ashcraft, Huntly, Yates, Speight and Roe, was weakened by the loss of Hall, Holding, and Hensley, who joined the Varsity squad. Still they gave the Seniors a hard fight; well worthy of praise. At the end of the first half the Seniors were only a few points in the lead; however, they won in the second half by the fine goal work of Carriek. The Seniors won the interclass championship.

With Albert Bird as captain of the track and with such followers as Beal, Byrd, C., Yates, McFadyen and Powell, we are looking forward to the winning of many points for the team this season.

Our success in baseball is a certainty, as we have back with us our old pitcher and catcher, "Red" Hardaway and Whitley, and the whole class knows their headwork cannot be improved upon.

Those of us who have not been fortunate enough to make any place on any of the teams, have done all we could in supporting these teams not only with "pep," but with all the money we could spare.

The history of the Class of 1916 has been one of continuous good feeling and fellowship. It may be that we have not made such a good record as some who have preceded us, but we will try to correct the faults of the past by what we shall do in the future.

We have furnished as large a number of writers, scholars, athletes, debaters, and songsters (Nog-un-trog-un and Stallings) as any preceding class.

Only one more year remains before us, a year abounding in difficulties far more complex than any we have encountered before. Time can be the only test; if the present be a safe guide for the future, much may be expected of our sturdy band.

HISTORIAN.

Junior Class Prophecy

I realize, at the outset, that no more weight is to be attached to my words than to the visions of unhappy Cassandra, but I maintain fervently, in spite of the storm of derision which is sure to descend upon my head, that every syllable of the ensuing narrative is the sober truth.

While I was strolling down the midway of the Great State Fair last October, my attention was attracted to a queer little oriental bazaar. A turbaned Hindoo, his legs crossed beneath him, his arms crossed on his breast, was presiding over a number of trinkets, odds and ends, which he offered for sale. When I approached, he prostrated himself before me, groveling. I have always been a modest man, so I was somewhat taken aback.

"O Moon-mouthed one!" he raved; "it is for thee that the Kaleidoscope of Tal-ma-Tal is intended." He held out a black, small, leather-cased kaleidoscope.

"What is it for?" I asked.

"It enableth moon-mouthed men to see the events of the future," he replied, "even unto the third generation. It is only necessary to look within and turn, see!"

"What is it worth?" I demanded, thinking of my seership in the Junior Class.

"It is worth many jewels, but to the man with lips like unto the half-moon it is sold for but five dollars."

I gave him the amount.

A few nights later, when I was sitting in my room with nothing to do, I decided to test my investment. Applying the kaleidoscope to my eye, I began turning, and was rewarded by a queer jumble of shades and colors.

"I wish to be shown the future," said I, "of our beloved president, him they call J. Baird Edwards."

The medley of tints assumed the gray, rolling appearance of cigar smoke and for a moment I was disappointed. But presently the clouds of exhaled vapor became less dense, and I beheld a stout, gesticulating gentleman ensconced upon a platform draped in the Stars and Stripes, who seemed to be delivering an impassioned stump oration to a demonstrative group of followers. He was undoubtedly reaching his climax, for just then he seized the National Flag and raising it to his lips, showered upon it spectacular kisses. The crowd burst into frenzy, hats were flung aloft, and then, while cigars and badges decorated with the speaker's picture were distributed, the vision was obscured.

"Let the doings of my friend, Mr. Redwine, be displayed," I prompted, turning.

The portent immediately revealed the interior of a large and long-aisled church. The audience, standing with bowed heads, were the beneficiaries of a

solemn benediction of which a tall and, beyond doubt, eminent divine was divesting himself, his benign countenance uplifted and enshrouded in the radiant glow of a stained-glass window. A moment later, when some gentlemen who were seated, their heads bowed, on the rostrum, looked up, I recognized two other distinguished theologians, the Reverends Booe and Denton. And in the arising audience, first and foremost in the amen corner, I detected the sleek and prosperous corpulence of Harrington, accompanied by his helpmeet and clustered about by the tangible results of his felicity.

I was slow to dispel this idyllic scene, but at length I asked to be introduced into the futurity of Mr. Paschal.

Him I saw wielding the patient ferule in the disciplining of a considerable group of juvenile scholars, who were regarding him with awe becoming to the profundity and vastness of his knowledge.

"Mr. Cox," I demanded.

I perceived a law office, prosperous, its desks groaning beneath the weight of heaped-up correspondence and of the elevated feet of Cox, him of the silver tongue, and his partner, Burleson.

"Show me Jerry Newbold," I asked.

I saw that gentleman, together with Mr. H. E. Lane, high in the offices of the Shannon Company, where they were engaged in the effort of purifying the world.

"What happens to Allen Riddick?" I inquired.

I was delighted to observe Mr. Riddick deep in the mysteries of a physics laboratory, his brows contracted, his handsome features tense with the accuracy of his experiment. I understood that the world was about to be the victim of another great physical law, so I turned my kaleidoscope.

Many visions then danced before my eyes, and melted one into another so rapidly that I scarce received their import. I deciphered the name of W. B. Wright on the imposing show window of a department store; I glimpsed Rev. William T. Hardaway in the pulpit of a spacious church in Georgia, up the center aisle of which were marching, lockstep, the Hall brothers, leading the parade of the deacons with the collection; I discovered Messrs. Moseley and Hunter, literateurs, bending their energies to the composition, the one of a ballad, the other of an essay, and I realized that I was face to face with the Addison and Steele of contemporary fiction.

My vitagraph paused and blinked, and then disclosed to my well-pleased vision the most inspiring spectacle that these eyes have ever looked upon.

In a well-lighted studio, clad in artist's gown, his portly frame all aquiver with the artistic temperament, Jack Beale stood revealed. A model of rare loveliness was poised upon a barrel, and her lineaments were being transplanted, with the rapid touch of the inspired man, to a roomy canvas. I recognized the climax (for what could surpass the revelation?) and I removed the kaleidoscope from my eyes, quite satisfied.

PROPHET.





MISS ANNIE CRAIG

Sponsor

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class Officers

W. C. LEE	President
J. O. TALLY	Vice-President
W. H. DEITRICK	Secretary
I. E. CARLYLE	Treasurer
W. A. HARRIS	Historian
L. H. HOBGOOD	Prophet
W. B. SINCLAIR	Poet

Sophomore Class Poem

The Newish flag was trailing low,
 When we came on the scene;
 We went to work right slow but sure
 With grit and pep most keen.

 We organized in peace and calm
 Without molest or fear,
 And thus set up a precedent
 For Newish year by year.

 We now patrol the campus walks
 And keep the Newish in;
 Make every shade a ghost appear
 Each bush a Soph'more's den.

 We have regard for all new men,
 No harm to one we'd do;
 But habits formed the Freshmen year
 Will follow each man through.

 And so we think it best that he
 Begin his course aright,
 And keep away from picture shows
 And drug stores after night.

 But watch the class of seventeen,
 Tho' rough necks we may seem,
 We'll climb the steps and reach the heights
 Concealed in the Soph'more's dream.

History of the Sophomore Class

In the fall of 1913 the wise ones sent to Wake Forest a most remarkable Freshman class (of course in our minds only). In number we were many, but in brains we were lacking. Our class was one hundred and thirty strong, some might say, but in strength of nerve we were minus one hundred and thirty. As a whole we were considered an exceptional bunch of Newish, as we were rather an insignificant "herd." Nevertheless, disregarding this fact seven of our meek and lowly ones in their lives smelt a whiff of turpentine and next day showed a darkened yet well scrubbed face. We all know that we fared better than the Freshmen before us, as we were allowed to meet and elect our officers—thanks indeed for the help of the Senators. We did not get through as well as some may think, for we began and ended our first year with the noise of old times on the campus.

To the aggravating smile and the timely advice of the Sophs some of us who had not yet made the Glee Club warbled most tune-fully, and some who had never the chance to be the Anniversary Debaters made all stump speakers feel cheap, and those present at the time felt sick. In order to find a better account of our remarkable talents along that line it would be best to ask the Sophs of 1914, as the selections given at their request should remain ever with them.

In athletics last year we furnished our full share, as we had five men on the football team and four on the baseball team.

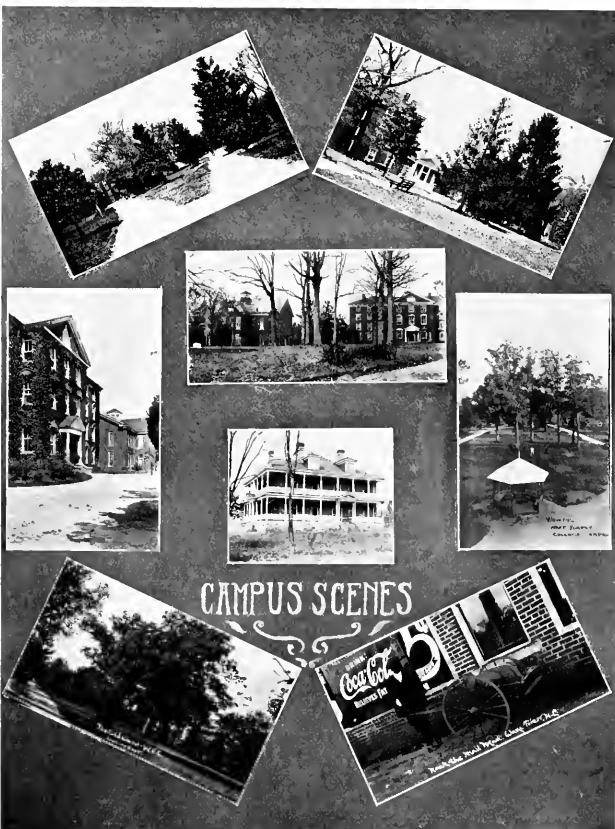
In the literary line it stands to reason that we had no chance last year except in the societies and in the classroom. Let it be enough to say that we did well considering the fact "Freshmen are Newish."

This year our number decreased to about ninety, but it is understood we fill that space with brains and— . But the question that concerns the mind of the members of the Sophomore class is whether or not they have been of any service to the College. Although they possibly have not performed their duty as well as some may have desired, it is a certain fact that the services they have rendered have been freely and willingly given. This year the Sophomore class has been well represented in all departments at Wake Forest. In both literary and athletic departments the Sophomores have had men worthy of the honors which they have had placed on them.

In this small history there is too little space even to enumerate the redeeming qualities, deeds, and characteristics of this class. Certainly they must be important for they as a rule are the ones the Faculty and Senators take such a delight in conversing about.

So be it. The Sophomores are glad that they have seen this year and believe that they have played a worthy part in making 1915 the best year of Wake Forest.

HISTORIAN.



Sophomore Class Prophecy

Give ear, oh, give ear and hearken, all ye sons of Alma Mater, to the voice of the oracle of the grandest class in all history.

Just why my classmates saw fit to elect me to point out their future is a problem that I have as yet not been able to solve. I have been thinking and dreaming about this matter from time to time, and now sadly I find myself lacking in the ability to perform such a worthy task. To be sure I was not born a prophet, neither have I had the power to prophecy thrust upon me. But alas! the critical moment has arrived and our class cannot afford to travel the great sea of life without a chart and compass to steer by, for the voyage is long and the sea is rough. So I must proceed to accomplish the difficult task.

As I was sitting in my room thinking of my classmates and their chances to succeed in life, if they would use the means which had been so graciously bestowed upon them, I by chance fell asleep and began to dream. In this thrilling dream a damsel ghost with robes of white decorated with the most beautiful colors that I had ever beheld, appeared before me. I was very much frightened on her first appearance, but when I heard her utter the following words: "I am now going to reveal to you the glorious future of your fellow classmates," I at once became calm, knowing that this was the aid without which my task was impossible. She moved a few steps to one side of me, and waved her wand, then I seemed to fall into a subconscious state.

The first vision that appeared to me was a crowded courtroom with large aisles running up to a stately rostrum upon which the judge was seated. His hair was somewhat gray, and he had deep furrows on his brow which spoke of the justice of his judgment. The case which he was deciding was similar to the one that Solomon decided about the two babies, only this time it was poodle dogs. The judge stood up to pass the decision, and it was then that I recognized my old classmate Basil Boyd, and I am sure he would have been able to pass a better decision if he had studied a little Bible while in College. The second case awaiting decision was against Tom Apperson, who was up for the same old charge of visiting his neighbors' orchards a little too often and at hours when the candles were dim. He was reprimanded and sentenced to take the Keeley cure. He was then taken from the courtroom by Sheriff J. S. Brewer.

The next picture seemed a rather peculiar one, one that was a little hard for me to comprehend. I finally found that it was "Swing" Lee overseeing the work of his aerial surveying corps, planning highways for the "Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales."

Next upon the wall appeared a great highway, and coming down it I saw Dr. Eric Bell riding at breakneck speed and casting anxious glances skyward. Hearing the flapping of wings I espied an enormous bird flying just above his

head, carrying in its huge talons a precious bundle to the farmhouse over the hill. By the wayside John Savage and Charlie Parker were trying to get up a bet on the race.

The following picture changed my surroundings altogether. It was one of a little town. Upon glancing about me, I saw many signs painted above the store doors. One especially caught my attention. It read thus: "Olive & Deitrick, Men's Fancy Head-to-foot Outfitters." Oh! yes, it is Collier Olive and "Polly" Deitrick, who, while in College, kept the students supplied with fancy haberdashery and new styles. Just about this time a man came out of the store with a large armful of bundles. I at once recognized my old friend Charles Riddick, who had been so graciously chosen by the firm as bundle carrier.

After that my spirit wandered over strange seas and over strange lands, I even fancied I soared over the sandy regions of China, and in one place I saw John Josey and Edgerton, world renowned musicians, playing to a crowd of Chinese, who seemed to be enjoying it immensely until Josey suggested that Brother John Duffy should pass around the hat for the collection.

On my voyage back home I met up with "Pewee" Blanchard, who told me that he had a good job coaching the Moon's football team, and that he had them in fine trim for the championship game to be played with Mars Hill College in a few days.

Just then a familiar voice yelled out "Wake up there, old lady, what are you doing asleep this time of day?" It was my roommate, and he had brought me a letter from my dearest little girl.

PROPHET.

THE IMPORTANT FRESHMAN





MISS LILLIAN SHAW

Sponsor

FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class Officers

J. G. VANN.....	President
E. C. JAMES.....	Vice-President
R. G. MUSE.....	Secretary
W. H. PASCHAL.....	Treasurer
R. S. BRITTON.....	Historian
S. A. THOMPSON.....	Prophet
L. R. CALL.....	Poet

Freshman Class Poem

We've come, our feet to firmly tread the path made rough and new;
 The goal seems far and far ahead, till dreamed-of days come true.
 With joy and happiness—and more, we strive to climb and view
 The heights by others won before, and know the things they knew.

We've come, and coming bring to thee, college born of yester-year,
 An eagerness to dare and be, sons of thy character.
 Oh, give to each of us thy life; thy strength which we revere,
 And let us learn that all things ripe are not the things most dear.

We've come. No blast to make it known, sublimity deny.
 But deeply as the deepest tone, our hearts send forth a cry,
 The cry that comes far in the night, for light and verity,
 And beg to know, and grow in might, and in fidelity.

History of the Freshman Class

"Happy is that people whose annals are brief."

If this oft-quoted apothegm be true, transcending happiness should be the lot of those gentle collegiate lambs who constitute the present Freshman class of Wake Forest College; for the only notable feature of their chronicle is its appropriate brevity.

Our class was called to meet for organization September 11, 1914. The present officers were elected. Later on in the autumn we voted unanimously to bear, as a class, our proportionate share in the sum of money which our pastor, W. N. Johnson, had asked the student body to raise towards payment for the new church. It is an especial pleasure for us to do this, as we have three more years before us in which we shall attend our devotions in the new building, while the upper-classmen will, or expect to, complete their courses and leave sooner. On the occasion of this vote we also elected Miss Lillian Shaw, of Meredith College, as Sponsor of the class.

In the field of athletics we have not been obscure. Two of our classmen, C. W. Parker and H. E. Olive, made themselves places on the Varsity football squad, and won their W's. Olive deserves especial mention for his brilliant playing throughout the entire season, and also for his efficient service as coach for our class team. This team was composed of exceptionally strong men for a class team, and we have every reason to believe that it would have smashed all precedent by defeating the Sophomore team had not inclement weather prevented the game. On the basketball floor our men have displayed ability, and, though they lost their game to the better trained team of the Sophomores, they give promise of developing into excellent players. We have several men in the track squad now, whom we expect to win honors this season. Our prospects for baseball are fine, but we cannot tell how we stand until practice on the diamond commences.

Such is a complete and veracious record of the doings of our class. To be uniform, we are told, a history must recount the thoughts and feelings of its subjects, as well as their deeds. But be it far from me to essay to reveal the sentiments of these Freshmen! Their inward meditations are too fearful for publicity.

Our history is indeed short. But it will not always be so. It is, as the fabled cocoon said of itself, in the process of making. There are those among us who have talent, ambition, determination; who as they are now winning honors among their fellow-students, will achieve far greater things upon the battlefield of life; whose names, emblazoned upon the pages of the world's history, will stand forth through all the time, imperishable memorials to the honor of Wake Forest and the glory of the Class of '18.

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Class Prophecy

It was late Saturday night, or rather early Sunday morning, when I fell asleep in the Union Station at Raleigh while waiting for my train to Wake Forest. After remaining in this pleasant state for the space of a few minutes, I saw a vision, which proved to be the prophecy of the Class of 1918, which I will relate to you as it occurred to me.

During the month of June in the year of our Lord 1925, I was stopping in San Francisco for a few days, and was trying to decide whether to go to the Panama Canal, or back to the farm where I really belonged, when I chanced on one of my old classmates, Morgan. Morgan had invented a flying motoreyle and was going to take a trip around the world the very next day, and wanted me to go with him. Of course I was willing.

While we were making our plans, I noticed a tall, lanky fellow edging up to Morgan and holding out his hand. Morgan almost immediately recognized "Tubby" Ervin and we both were glad to see him. "Tubby" had made a fortune, so he said, by selling green pears in Detroit, and was to be married in a few weeks. When he finally left us we wished him good luck and happiness in his new life.

The next morning bright and early we were fairly on our journey, and how we did fly! As we passed over Reno, two signs caught my eye. One was "Fancy Painting, All Colors, Moderate Prices, Eighteen Years Experience, L. B. Derby." I had never dreamed that painting would go to Derby's head, and I wondered whether he was making a living or was still borrowing. The other sign was, "Fresh Fish and Oysters, Phone No. 23. William Hamilton Francis Baldy." This sign almost made me sick to think that Baldy, after all his copying from old Socrates, had turned out to be a seller of fish and oysters. Baldy had always told me that he was going to be the president of some big university.

We did not stop, however, to investigate, and soon other things began to claim our attention. We were passing over a park which extends a few hundred miles from New York, when we had to descend on account of the air currents. To our horror we were surrounded by a murderous looking band of savages. For a few minutes we were in real danger, but a person came among the natives who possessed great influence over them. The natives bowed and retreated, and to our great surprise the person turned out to be none other than Vann Savage. Vann was glad to see us and said he had a great surprise for us. A missionary had been sent to his tribe from New York, and this person was Cary Harris. Morgan almost fainted when he heard this, but I had always thought that there was some good in Cary which he would bring out sooner or later.

We left after the machine had been overhauled, and went on to New York. We saw Jacob G. Dove and Furman K. Biggs down on a side street. Jacob was

selling soap, cracking jokes and playing cards all at the same time. I heard Furman ask Jacob what that was he said about the fellow who didn't believe in marriage.

We arrived in London after a few hours of steady flying, and I must confess I was glad to be over terra firma again instead of the deep blue sea. We stopped for a while and saw John and Dick Pace. John was running a military school and Dick was president of a large bank. We passed Sky Eaddy, who was wearing very sporty clothes and escorting two young ladies. The ladies wanted to go to the picture show and Eaddy didn't want to go. We stepped up and shook hands with Eaddy, who in turn presented us to the young ladies. We then suggested that we would be glad to take the young ladies to the picture show if they cared to go. They said that they did not care to go, but since we were so nice as to ask them, they couldn't refuse. In the pictures we saw our old Freshman president, Vann. He was the star actor for the Gaze O. Film Company. John had killed about three men, assisted by his never failing servant, Robert Britton, when one of the ladies was suddenly seized with a spell of sickness and we had to leave. After taking them home in the machine, we said good-bye and started on our way.

We were flying nicely and were passing over Germany when suddenly something tore through the machine and broke it to bits. We had forgotten that we were over Germany and the war was still on. We were falling to earth with a speed greater than that employed by I. C. Yates in talking, when I was suddenly awakened by the voice of the station master. I picked myself up from the floor and rushed with the crowd out into the darkness and the waiting train.

PROPHET.



J. M. GATLIN, SEN.



J. B. EDWARDS, JUN.

CLASS PRESIDENTS



W. C. LEE, SOPH.



J. G. VANN, FRESH.



E.J. KNOTT, LAW



R.L. BROWN, MINS.

DEPARTMENT PRESIDENTS



H.M. VANN, MED.



T. IVEY, JR. PED.





LAW CLASS



MISS ALICE WARD
Sponsor
LAW CLASS



Law Class Officers

E. J. KNOTT	President
J. E. BOBBITT	Vice-President
K. A. PITTMAN	Secretary and Treasurer
E. C. JONES	Historian
I. T. JOHNSTON	Poet

Law Class Poem

The priests may prate of calling high and holy,
 And needs with boasting fight a land's diseases,
 And pedagogues with faces melancholy
 Beat in a thick skull what the owner pleases.

But sons of Solon, like their brother Moses,
 Climb Sinais and break fines-sculptured tables;
 Nerved by their Coke in well-proportioned doses,
 Prepared for deeds beyond the pale of fables.

Blackstonian plummet deep they plunge in waters
 The pedagogues unwittingly have troubled;
 Fish out and land ashore the doctors' daughters
 And separate what prating priests have doubled.

Then watch these heirs of Henry Second's glory
 Nor place in haste professions else above them;
 For be their conflict marital or gory,
 You'll go to them for help—your wives will love them.

History of the Law Class

For lack of space, the writer feels that it is impossible to do the Law Class of 1915 justice in writing its history. So, fellow classmates, if your daring work and heroic deeds fail to be recorded here, remember they have already been recorded on parchments more lasting than paper.

During the first two or three weeks of September, when all were busy getting their year's work arranged, it was remarkable how very kind and considerate a certain number of our class were toward every member. It was not long until it began to be whispered among a few of the boys that they believed these fellows were candidates for offices. And from then until the day of election a very quiet but shrewd campaign was waged. When the final contest came E. J. Knott, having been successful in putting all opposition out of the field beforehand, was elected president by acclamation. Mr. Knott responded to the election with a speech of thanks telling the class how he appreciated the confidence they had in him as a leader of their class, and commending them for the wise choice they had made. The remaining officers were elected as follows: J. E. Bobbitt, Vice-President; K. A. Pitman, Secretary and Treasurer; I. T. Johnston, Poet; A. R. Johnson, Prophet; and the writer, Historian.

Our class, with an enrollment of sixty-five, represents us in every phase of college life. In athletics, we have always taken the lead. We always furnish a goodly number of Varsity men for the different teams. In football, baseball, basketball, track, and tennis the members of the Law Class have done credit to themselves and honor to their class as well as to the College. We are glad that from our number have gone such men as "Fighting" Abernethy, "Big" Moore, "Sung" Lee, George Trust, and Basil Watkins as heroes of the gridiron. In basketball we easily walked away with the championship of the department class teams. Our interest in this phase of athletics is looked after by "Jew" Hensley, Jeter McCarry, and C. R. Franks.

When it comes to society work we have no equals. We have the distinguished honor of furnishing J. P. Mull, J. B. Edwards, R. M. Watkins and K. A. Pitman as the Anniversary debaters, E. Prevette and A. Y. Arledge as the Anniversary orators, and H. D. Pegg as President of the Debate. When has another class made such a record? Pritchard, an old intercollegiate debater, and Tom Avera, a last fall Senior speaker, are orators of no mean ability.

In religious work we are represented by "Runt" Cashwell as President of the Y. M. C. A. and A. Y. Arledge as President of the Berean Class.

Neither were we absent when the *Student* staff was chosen, but contributed I. T. Johnston as Editor-in-Chief and C. C. Cashwell as Business Manager.

One more fact I shall mention about our class, and then I am done. This is its originality. There is scarcely a quiz but that some bright member of the class will write on his quiz pad law that even Dean Guley has never heard of, and in this way supplements the author's text in the discussion of difficult points of law.

HISTORIAN

Law Class Prophecy

Not being an habitual smoker, I took the El Toro at the annual smoker with some compunctions of conscience, and even fears as to its physiological effect. This feeling was so great that I decided to await the experiment until I was in the privacy of my own room. This I did, and lighted this subtle counselor just as I picked up my paper to write the Law Class Prophecy.

Those of you who are acquainted with silent comforters, which Kipling has so well termed

"Peace in the hush of twilight,
Balm ere my eyelids close,"

know their benumbing effects upon the senses which result from their first companionship. Thus my response to the subtle charms of "Lady Nicotine" was complete. It seemed, as in a vision, I was transported to an enchanted hall.

"Why are you here, and what do you want?" asked the stern sentry who confronted me at the door.

"I wish," I said tremblingly, "to have the gift of prophecy, so that I may foretell the careers of the members of the Wake Forest Law Class."

He glanced at me for a moment, and said in low, mysterious tones, "Take a great scroll, and write upon it with a man's pen concerning the destiny of thy classmates."

And behold! the veil of the future was lifted.

In various leading publications I saw the following professional cards, all bearing the words "Attorney-at-Law:"

C. C. CASHWELL
Corporation Work a Specialty
L. B. MEYER
K. A. PITTMAN

R. R. INGRAM
L. S. BRASSFIELD
W. B. WRIGHT
D. N. JOLLY

Then there were such partnerships as

LEE & WARD,
Railroad Attorneys

BRADDOY & CAUSEY
ASHCRAFT & COVINGTON

ADAMS & ABERNATHY
McCOURRY & McCOURRY
HONEYCUTT & HONEYCUTT
MOORE & PREVETTE

and many others too numerous to mention.

But all had not followed the beaten path—

J. Allen Adams was Chief Justice of North Carolina, and this was a case where the office sought the man. Pritchard was swaying the United States Senate with his oratory. E. J. Knott was a noted hotel proprietor. Trust, Ferree, and W. C. Lee were playing professional ball. "Billy" Green was preaching in China. I. T. Johnston was a famous editor and writer. "Polly" Green had grown rich, selling many things too various to mention. George Pennell was at the head of a political machine in "Happy Hollow" Township, with good prospects of being elected justice of the peace. I. S. Bowen was "stumping" the territory for him. Tom Ayers had taken upon himself the sacred bonds of matrimony—we knew he would—he is now in the mercantile business. J. B. Edwards was in politics, Prigg was instructing the youth of the land; and "Hank" Smith was a noted equal suffrage advocate. C. C. Olive was at the head of a theatrical troupe containing a bevy of beautiful chorus girls. Edgerton and Strole were the chief musicians in this attraction. J. C. Smith and J. P. Mull were Supreme Court judges.

But what noise is that! "Get in your hole, Newish."

A Sophomore's voice awakes me with the above warning to all belated Freshmen. I am before the dying embers of my own fire, with the minority of an El Toro still clutched in the fingers of my left hand. The clock is striking one.

PROPHET.





MISS BESSIE LOU MULLEN
Sponsor
MINISTERIAL CLASS



Ministerial Class Officers

R. L. BROWN	President
L. U. WESTON	Vice-President
C. THOMAS	Secretary
R. K. REDWINE	Historian
K. M. YATES	Prophet
G. W. LASSITER	Poet

The High Calling

"How beautiful the feet of them,"
That preach the gospel of sweet peace,
And bring glad tidings of good things,
Till all the wars and strife shall cease.
For were it not for truth and right,
As preached by them from day to day;
Our Land would be a moral wreck,
And all her Glory fade away.
They may not walk as perfectly,
As He whose cause they live to tell;
But what reward awaits the man
Who saves a wandering soul from hell!
Then let each member of this clan
Conduct his life that all may see,
The highest calling giv'n to man,
Is that of Christian MIN-IS-TRY.

History of the Ministerial Class

In looking through last year's *HOWLER* I find that a history of the Ministerial Class was omitted. Whether it was due to prechertorial modesty, to a lack of historic facts, or to the conscientious scruples of the historian that would not allow him to go into the realm of fiction, I can not say.

But let the past take care of itself. I must make an excuse for the present. The Class Historian, being hard pressed by the lack of facts on one side and the possibility of being caught in an exaggeration on the other, must walk the strait and narrow way that leads but to the end of the history. It is customary to write history after the makers are dead and their faults forgotten and their deeds have grown hearty and venerable by the passing of years, not a few.

The subject of this history is out of the ordinary. Of its beginning here only a few remain who can tell the story, and they won't dare breathe the secret. Its end is not yet, and while it may be trespassing in the field of the prophet, some give promise of being here, even when the European War shall have ended and the nations of the world have sat down in peace.

In times past the Ministerial Class outnumbered all other classes combined. While its membership has continued to increase, the college has become a more representative body, and today this class stands second, being outnumbered by the Lawyers.

The class still holds to worthy precedents set by former classes, and is making new precedents by taking aggressive steps in creating a stronger moral and religious atmosphere. The various college activities receive our unqualified cooperation. The class gives its hearty support to the different forms of athletics, and the individual members spend their brawn and muscle on the diamond, the gridiron, the track and the floor. They have proved themselves proficient in these lines by winning many prizes of honor and distinction. It is not proper for me to speak just now of the recent basketball game that we played with the teachers.

In society work we are on the job. In brass and gas we are well stocked, and even indulge in oratory and debate, representing Mother Eu and Father Phi with honor and distinction, often carrying away the palms of victory. When it comes to boneheads we pull our share, and in the real work of a student, we are not lacking. In our battles with fate we generally conquer, but a few have fallen before the dart of Cupid and have become unpardonably married.

Since we are not a class of preachers, but merely a class of college students, is it any wonder that we sometimes fill disappointments and persecute the saints? However, we feel that there is some really effective ministerial work being done by members of this class in supplying pastorless churches, relieving sick and tired pastors, and in some cases even leaving pastoral charge of churches.

It would be little short of base ingratitude to attempt to write a history of this class without calling attention to two dynamic personalities that possibly mean more to these men as a class than any other human agencies. It has never been the pleasure of any class to have a more self-sacrificing teacher, a teacher more genuinely devoted to his work and interested in the welfare of his class and its individual members, than Dr. Cullom. He is willing at all times and even under adverse circumstances to spend his great ability in unselfishly serving these men. Even to come in contact with Dr. Royall makes one love God and humanity more. As a Greek scholar he has few equals, and no gentler, sweeter-spirited, more Godlike man has any class ever met.

I'm not at the end of the history, but this manuscript must close, and I'll leave the final history of this great body for some future Josephus.

HISTORIAN.

Ministerial Class Prophecy

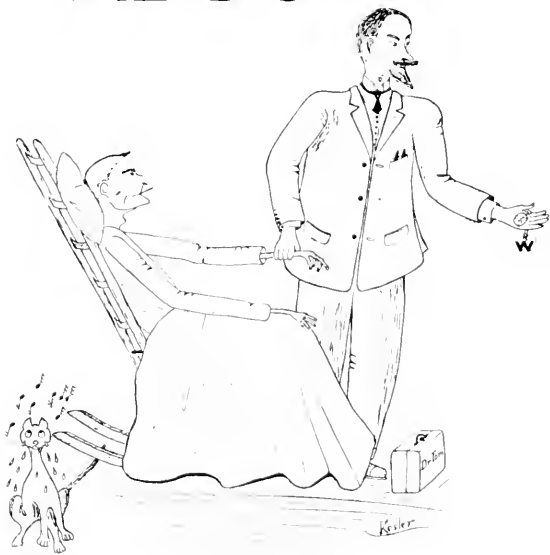
I was sitting in my study at work on an address to be delivered before the National Educational Association on "William Jennings Bryan—the twenty-ninth President of the United States," when there was a knock at the door and some one entered the room. After a moment's hesitation he came over to me with outstretched hand and exclaimed: "How are you, old man? It has been several years since I saw you." I at once recognized him as an old friend, A. R. Gay, and offering him a chair began questioning him about his success. He said that he was a very busy man and that he was rapidly getting rich on college directories. He began showing me some of his works. I learned that they contained the names and addresses of all former students, together with a short biographical sketch. I purchased a Wake Forest Directory and began reading.

I turned to the section for the year 1915, and found that many of my old classmates had long since departed this earth, for the great America-European War had taken its toll, and after the treaty of peace had been signed, as a result of Redwine's famous "Peace" speech, many had become prominent lawmakers for the crippled and bleeding country. I. L. Bennett was serving his third year as pastor of Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London and was loved by all. R. L. Brown, together with his "better half," was doing faithful work at Kring Lum, China. J. G. Baue was necessarily near him at the head of a large hospital, and had as assistants Drs. H. J. Langston and G. D. Rowe. A. G. Carter was pastor of the home church at Forestville, where he had settled down after finishing at Wake Forest. P. E. Downs, V. E. Duncan and Dowell were last heard of at the Battle of Sleepy Creek, in which the Germans were completely routed. L. O. Corbett was assistant instructor in Applied Philosophy at Wake Forest and was still head coach in oratory and debate. I was a little surprised to see the name of D. H. Ives, D.D., as Professor of New Testament at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and what was more peculiar was that he was still single. P. S. Daniel and F. W. Carroll were famous pastors in New York City, and both were doing exceedingly well. Powell was coaching a football team at Sumter High School. I learned with pleasure that my old friend, B. R. Page, was chaplain at Wake Forest College. C. H. Stevens was —

I was suddenly aroused by my "Old Lady" who rushed into the room and announced that breakfast was over. It was only a dream.

PROPHET.

MIEDS





MISS LOUISE BENNETT
Sponsor
MEDICAL CLASS



Medical Class Officers

H. M. VANN.....	President
J. R. CROZIER.....	Vice-President
J. E. HOWELL.....	Secretary
S. J. BLACKMAN.....	Treasurer
B. WEATHERS.....	Historian
R. C. GYLES.....	Prophet
B. F. CARTER.....	Poet
J. J. NEAL.....	Surgeon
E. J. WILLIAMS.....	Chaplain

Medical Class Poem

In spite of Christian Science fad
 And quacks who love to advertise,
 The country's gone not to the bad;
 The populace will still be wise.
 And when the grip gets in their bones
 Or gout or corns their toes attack,
 They'll get the "doc" to ease their groans
 And put a poultice on their back,
 In world affairs we have a niche,—
 We med; to serve humanity,
 To make folks well; and ourselves rich,
 And we'll fit in, as you shall see.
 We carve the stiffs with steady hand,
 And bore on lab with tireless zeal
 To fit ourselves to serve the land
 Cursed by disease, work for its weal.

History of the Medical Class

Since history in the broadest sense of the word is all that we know about everything that man has ever done, or thought, or hoped, or felt, it is impossible to give here a record of the complete history of the Medical Class, but instead we will only record a few of the many happenings that have taken place. It is not possible to record in print all that we have done, even if we wished. Times came when our thoughts could only be told to members of our class, and then in a whisper. Our hopes have not all been in vain, for we have at least gained the distinction of being graduates of Wake Forest College. And we have felt many things, including the pleasures and hardships that naturally go with the medical profession.

Our class has been greatly crippled, for when we consider that forty Freshmen registered in the fall of '11 to take the B.S. degree this spring, only six have survived to reach the goal, the others having dropped out for various causes. Five others have, however, joined our ranks, and have been able to keep the pace, and thus we are proud of our class, since it is as large as any ever sent out from the College, both in quality and quantity, for five of our members will go out with more than one degree.

The Medical Class, being somewhat isolated from the rest of the College, is nevertheless represented in every phase of college life, for we are well represented on every athletic team, Glee Club, Senate and Honor Committee, and our voices of oratory are often heard in the society halls.

The members of the Medical Class have used their heads many times, in many ways, and we were not absent-minded when we elected our Sponsor, for we were given a delightful reception at Middleburg, where every member of the class was entertained, and given a royal good time until the arrival of the 2:30 train, which was one hour late.

Our work at Wake Forest has been both hard and boring, but yet enjoyable, for when we were experimenting on Gyles's frogs, Herbert's stuff, and Dr. Taylor's "bugs" the moments flew without being noticed, and our time for separating has arrived. Each of us will depart from here with the moments spent together in the old Medical building forever clear in our memory as some of the happiest of our lives.

Let it be long before it is forgotten that "Big" Ed Williams wanted the emergency oil; that Henry Langston has evidently heard of his six test tubes; that "Handsome" Charles Hensley is the best looking fellow in the class, with a close competitor in John Neal; that Howell is the fattest man in the class; that every member of the class graduated with the honorable distinction of *Cum laude* at all; and that it is both with great pleasure and sorrow that our days are over at old Wake Forest College.

HISTORIANS.

Medical Class Prophecy

On the night of ——— 1915, I was lying in the College infirmary with an attack of appendicitis; late in the afternoon I had a very acute pain in my side, so I called in Williams, otherwise known as "Big" Ed, to relieve me. He gave me a powerful sedative and I fell into a much disturbed sleep, in which I dreamed that I had gone to Dr. E. J. Williams, who was then practicing in the vicinity of Monroe, N. C., and he had given me opium and that I had died. To the dead were given the power of seeing futures, even so my classmates' futures began to pass before me.

"Little" Ed Howell I saw a fat, satisfied M. D. who was doing active country practice and getting rich rapidly. He was married and lived in the bosom of a large and increasing family.

"Handsome" Charles Hensley I saw practicing medicine in Bee Log, North Carolina. He had added track exercise to the treatment of a great many of his patients. He was as yet unmarried, but there was hope for him as he was constantly neglecting his work to worship at the shrine of some blue-eyed doll. Ah! he was ever thus.

"Hubby" and "Bill" Vann I saw located in Danville, Va. and the owners of a large sanatorium. "Hubby" was still a confirmed woman hater; in fact he would not even treat a woman patient. "Bill," on the other hand, was a married man with prospects of a large family.

Johannie Neal was doing active practice in Scottsburg, Va., and was filling in with pocket change made by selling the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Weathers, I noticed, was practicing only as a side line. His main business was that of traveling for a large slide and cover glass factory.

Langston was doing a great work among the Chinese, but was having a great deal of trouble making himself understood as he used correct English, and they could not understand that.

Whitchurst had given up the old style of practice and had turned out to be a noted physical culturist. He, too, was a married man with several small Elizalis clinging to his knees.

Mr. Crozier, instead of doing active practice, continues his work as physical director at Wake Forest College. In addition to putting out a great basketball team he has made himself famous by being head coach of the football team that won the championship of the South.

This was the substance of my dream. I awoke then and "Big" Ed gave me enough dope to put me out.

PROPHET.

TEACHERS CLASS

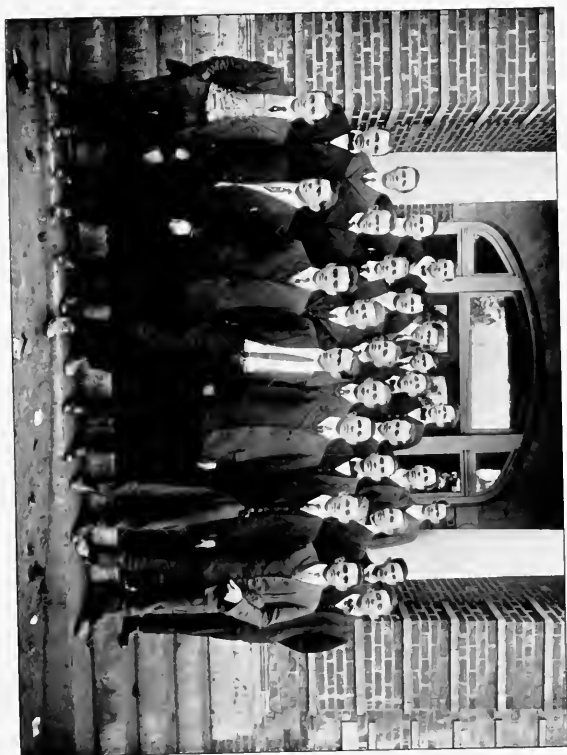




MISS MINNIE MILLS

Sponsor

TEACHERS' CLASS



Teachers Class Officers

T. IVEY, JR.	President
M. A. HONEYCUTT.	Vice-President
W. B. SINCLAIR.	Secretary
W. S. CLARKE.	Treasurer
R. F. HOUGH.	Historian
L. S. INSCOE.	Prophet
C. W. CARRICK.	Poet

Teachers Class Poem

Three cheers for the teacher,
The wisdom-blest creature,
Who stands as a pilot for man;
He toils and he labors
With friends, foes, and neighbors,
He helps in whatever he can.

He aids the formation
Of home, church, and nation,
By methods that never decay;
To dull and bright youths,
He teaches great truths,
Through channels of service each day.

When urchins torment him
And patrons resent him,
He marches on through his routine;
He meets these conditions
With sane dispositions,
And yet he works like a machine.

Go forth then, brave teachers!
Loved, honored, cursed creatures;
And fill the great call of a guide;
Proclaim the book knowledge
You've learned here in college,
And teach the unlearned far and wide.

POET.

History of the Teachers Class

This class has been an organized body for only four years. Before this time we had been standing alone, but we came to the conclusion that it was necessary for us to become organized as well as the other professional classes, for teaching, truly, is as much a profession as preaching the gospel. Realizing that "united we stand, divided we fall" is indeed true, we are standing as one strong, united body, not only from an organization standpoint, but from an intellectual point as well.

It has never been the lot of the pedagogue to make history. His duty has been for most the part teaching and instructing others about the events and happenings in the history, growth, and development of nations through the instrumentality of man doing his part. In this, he is required to be thoroughly acquainted with the leading facts of history. In view of this we feel somewhat disposed to linger and meditate upon this subject from any angle other than that which has already been mentioned. Yet, we have a history, though it be brief, which we are all proud of. The members of our class have outnumbered any one profession in college when it comes to the Senior Faculty, the *Student*, and the *Howl-er*.

When it comes to athletics we are always there with the goods doing our part. It has always been our highest ambition to beat the "Skys" in every phase of athletics, but though they have managed to work it on us on the baseball diamond, they are never in our class when it comes to basketball. We have beaten them every chance we have had, and we will do it again.

We have representatives in every phase of athletics here on the Varsity teams. Thus, we are doing our part to make college life really worth while.

When it comes to the more active side of college life, the Y. M. C. A. and Sunday School, there you will find members of our class in abundance helping along these worthy causes. For the most part we have had men from our class as the leaders of these organizations. This year the Students' Bazaar Class has a teacher at the helm, guiding and directing it. When it comes to the members of the Y. M. C. A. we have our part along with the other classes.

All in all, the members of this class have the bull-dog tenacity of holding on to things until they conquer. This motto the class approves, "*Con, rob, rob*." Thus, to say the least, this class bids fair to excel any predecessor.

HISTORY.

Teachers Class Prophecy

I have never had any doubt that I could prophesy great things if I could once get the inspiration for beginning. Remembering the moral of one of Aesop's fables that the gods help those who help themselves, I set to work several months ago determined to solve forever the problem of seeing the future. After much deliberation and scientific research and, perhaps, aided by some supernatural instinct, I contrived an apparatus which served my purpose. I will not disclose the details of the apparatus as I have not yet secured a patent on it, and I fear that some one may try to make one like it.

At thirteen minutes past twelve o'clock on Friday night after the full moon in January I went into my prophesying machine. I closed my right eye and placed the left one over the observation hole.

The first thing I saw was an old man with long gray beard, satchel in hand, knocking at the door of a country home. When the lady came to the door the old man began telling the merits of H. D. Peggs wonderful Brain Grease, which, according to his statement, if applied to the scalp immediately, made learning so easy that further study was unnecessary. Suddenly I saw the name L. S. Insoe on the satchel and recognized my old classmate.

There flashed into view a copy of the *Yellow Jacket* and I glanced at several headings.

MR. J. P. MULL ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE HOUSEKEEPERS CLUB
DR. T. IVEY ELECTED TO TEACH DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT SHAW UNIVERSITY
CONGO EXPEDITION COMES TO SAD CLOSE

I proceeded to read this article, which was as follows:

Several years ago Dr. W. B. Sinclair, of the Department of English of Sunrise Public School, and Professor C. C. Russ, teacher in the Forestville Sunday School, conceived the idea of uplifting the natives of Congo Free State by conducting a series of lectures on the life and works of Dr. W. T. Shannon, deceased. During their travels both fell in love and proposed to a beautiful ebony-haired princess. The king of the tribe concluded to decide the matter by an eating contest. Dr. Sinclair won the contest by consuming eleven pounds of hippopotamus in one hour and twenty-two minutes. Professor Russ committed suicide immediately and Dr. Sinclair died of the effects of the contest several hours later. This important work will be taken up now by Professors J. D. Canady and E. C. Jones.

The paper vanished suddenly and there flashed into view a huge mass of something which upon close observation I discerned to be a man. He was bald-headed.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Why, don't you know *me*? I'm the renowned A. C. Lovelace."

"Glad to see you. What have you been doing since you left Wake Forest?"

"I taught several years, but gave up my job to become the fat man in Ringling's Circus."

"How about the rest of the fellows?"

"Well, J. B. Tucker is instructor in the monkey department of our circus. He has taught most of the monkeys how to read and write."

"I saw C. C. Ward some time ago. He has been serving as a model in the Department of Art at Columbia University for fifteen years. Paintings of him have become famous all over the world for the golden radiance of his hair."

"Maltha was elected as head of the Department of Physics at Wake Forest, but one of the boys dropped and broke a thermometer, another spilled nearly a pound of shot in the sink, the calorimeter, the yardstick, and a magnet disappeared, and it was decided to close down the department for lack of equipment."

"W. C. Harward has founded a University in Venezuela. He presides over the institution, teaches Biology, Chemistry, History, English, Latin, Greek, and Physics, teaches Music, is instructor in the Gymnasium, and does all the rest of the work of the institution except to teach German. He has employed E. L. Ward and W. G. Dotson to do the work of this department."

Lovelace's form gradually faded away and nothing else appeared.

PROPHET.

Organizations



G. FERGUSON, VICE PRES.



G. DOOE, TREAS.

Y. M. C. A.



C. C. CASHWELL, PRES.



A. Y. ARLEDGE, SEC.



J. M. GATLIN, COR. SEC.





STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

Societies and Representatives



To Philomathesia

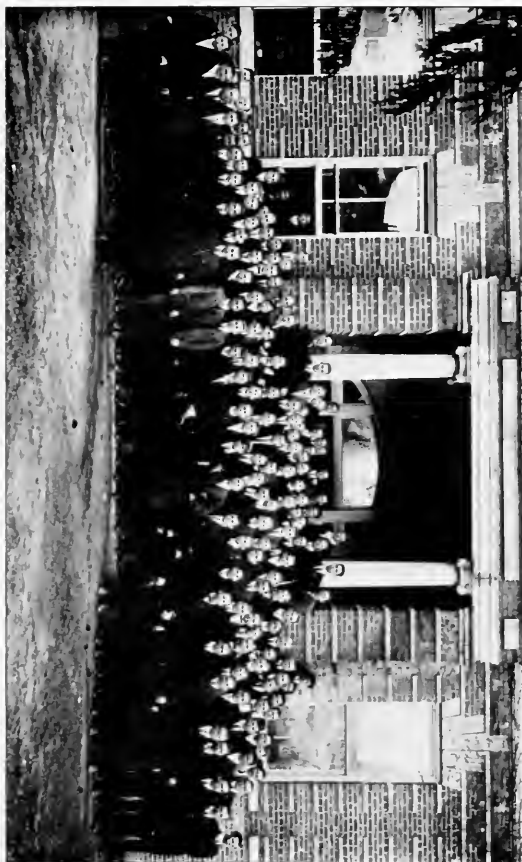
Fair Philomathesia, friend of Truth,
'Tis thine to guide the feet of youth
Away from low and mean desire,
To heights sublime where burns the fire
That moves the good of every age;
To write their names upon the page
Of those who strive to scatter Light,
O'ermaster wrong and strengthen Right.
Such mission thine, and nobly too
Thy hand hath wrought its tasks to do,
And coming years will rise to bless
Thy zeal and love and faithfulness.





To Euzelia

Euzelia, Mother cherishing, today we hail
Thy name, and crown thy snowy brow with laurel green!
Thy sons, unworthy thy maternal care, yet lift
Their voices high in adoration at the shrine
Whence issues forth thine inspiration's holy flame.
O be our guide and counselor through all the years,
E'en as through happy days gone by thou e'er hast been!
That so thy precepts may, through all the vistas dim
Our feet have yet to travel, keep us good and true;
And with a holy passion, deep and lasting, we
Shall sing thy praise, O Mother dear, for'er and aye.



Wake Forest-Richmond Debaters



T. A. AVERA



J. P. MCELL

AT WAKE FOREST



B. M. BOYD
Alternate

Query — Affirmative

Resolved, That industrial disputes should be settled by compulsory arbitration; constitutionality waived.

Wake Forest-Richmond Debaters



J. M. PRITCHARD



C. J. HESTER, JR.

AT RICHMOND

Query—*Negative*

Resolved. That industrial disputes should be settled by compulsory arbitration; constitutionality waived.



A. L. CARLTON
Alternate

Anniversary Orators and Officers
Orators



A. Y. ARLEDGE, EU.



EARLE PREVETTE, PHIL.

Officers



H. D. PEGG, EU.
President



V. E. DUNCAN, PHIL.
Secretary

Anniversary Debaters



B. M. WATKINS, PHIL.



J. P. MULL, EU.



K. A. PITTMAN, PHIL.



J. B. EDWARDS, EU.

Society Day Orators



J. U. TEAGUE, ESQ.



R. L. BOWIE, PHIL.



G. H. KING, ESQ.



T. A. AYERS, PHIL.

Society Day Debaters



J. G. BOONE, Phil.



W. S. BURLISON, Ec.



F. M. BARNES, Phil.



B. M. BOYD, Ec.



MUSE, EU.



KESLER, EU.



WARD, EU.

SOCIETY-DAY
OFFICERS

AND
MARSHALS



PASCHAL, PRES. PHI.



CLARK, SEC. EU.



BANKS, PHI.



YATES, PHI.



BREWER, PHI.



PRITCHARD

DEBATE COUNCIL



PAGE



MULL, CHAIRMAN



CARLTON



COX



HUNTER

ANNIVERSARY MARSHALS



WILSON EU.



HOWARD, PHI.



DOWN'S, CHIEF EU.



BENNETT, CHIEF PHI.



MCCANN, EU.



BIGGS, PHI.

COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS



CASHWELL, PHI.



RIDDICK, EU.



BROWN, CHIEF PHI.



WARD, CHIEF EU.



DEITRICK, EU.



WILSON, PHI.







WHITELY
ASST. MGR.

STUDENT



CASHWELL
BUS. MGR.



MOSELY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF PHI.

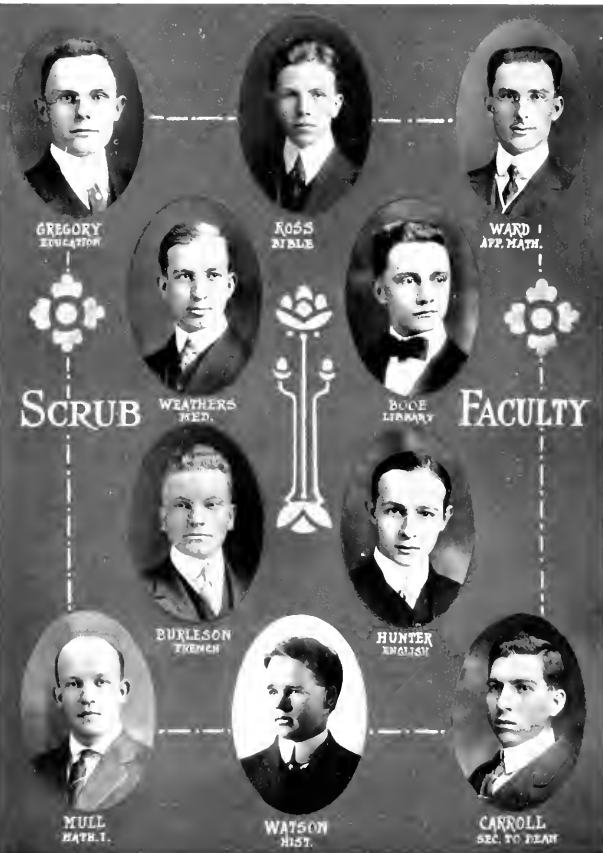


JOHNSON
ASSOCIATE EDITOR EU.

STAFF



JOHNSTON
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF EU.





FERRELL
BIO



KNOTT
LAW



INSCOE
ENGLISH



VANN J.W.
MED.



VANN H.M.
MED.

SCRUB



FACULTY



RIDDICK
APP. MATH.



CASHWELL
LAW



SMITH
GYM.



DOTSON
CHEM.



CYLES
MED.



WARD



WHITEHURST



WILLIAMS



SENATE



NEAL



DOTSON



COM.



HUTCHINS



REDWINE



GYLES



BRASSFIELD



SLEDGE



LEE



VANN J.G.



KNOTT



HONOR



GATLIN C.H.M.



EDWARDS



COM.



BROWN



VANN H.M.



CASHWELL



IVEY



PREVETTE

A Virginian in Surrey

They come, they come!
No blare of bugle, bent of drum,
No flaunting flag, no battle-cry;
Only the measured tread of many feet
Startling the drowsy street,
The wayside silence deep and sweet,
As past they go
With sure, unburrying pace,
I mark the firm-set Saxon face,
The calm-clear Saxon eye
And then I know
The secret of their race:
To wrath and action slow, ah, slow!
Yet, once aroused, to do or die.

Not at the call of man-made laws
Grindly they march into death's jaws:
From far and near, day after day,
From grimy haunt and lordly home,
From teeming street and lonely way,
England's young manhood gathering come
At duty's proud command.
Nor go they to withstand
Long-vaunted harrowing of their land:
Behold, the inviolable sea,
Bearing that unmatched fleet
No foeman dares to meet,
Clips round their isle his warding arms,
Safe even from war's alarms.

What then their cause can be?
The cause of all humanity;
The cause of those brave Belgian few
Who struggle over-sea,
Not for vain meed of victory
But very home and kith and kin;
And, with the strength their fathers knew,
Undying honour win
And theirs the cause of that fair land
Once more gripped by the iron hand
That laid her greatness low.
Dauntless she grapples with her foe,
Knowing the end will be
Not mere defeat or victory;
But risen anew her olden fame
Or from its place blotted her very name.

But they are gone,
And all is still again.
Oh, England's youth, march surdy on!
Not yours alone the foe:
The foe of all who love the right,
Of all who hate unmanly might.
With you to battle go
Gods-pecks on all the winds that blow
From none own land beyond the main.
Not yours alone the foe:
Comes ever England's hour of woe,
Her children bear beyond the main:
The Mother will not call in vain.

B. F. SHERID.



ATHLETICS



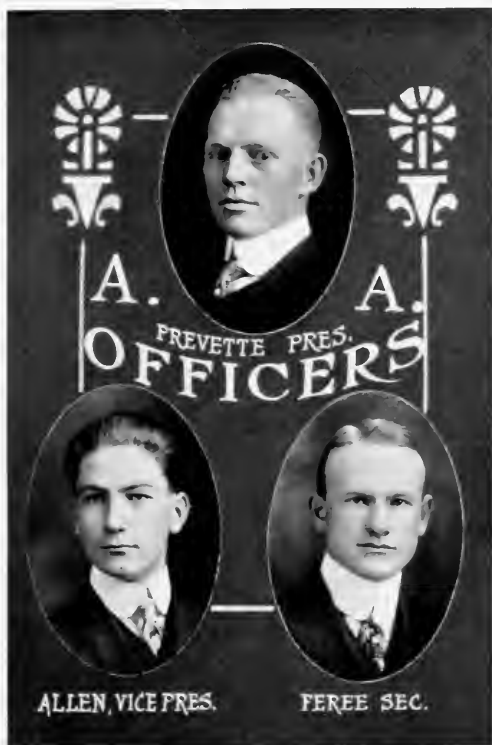
WILBUR C. SMITH

Two or three things make Dr. Smith a good coach. For one thing he loves the game. From the time he was in high school in Bleeding Kansas until now, he has played football every chance he got. As a Kansas City Med. and as a Med. in New York University his zeal for the game was displayed in his playing and in his coaching. As a mine surgeon he introduced and popularized football among the uncouth Montana miners. Again Smith knows the game; he knows its strategy; he knows what it takes to win, and for that he trains. He has a contagious sympathy for the men he trains that calls out the best that is in them. The rule of his example and training, one that his men take delight in following, is to work, work, keep on working, and never on any occasion do less than one's very best. Last year his team gave a good account of itself; the promise for next year is good. Our students are now behind football in earnest.

If there is any man in North Carolina who knows basket-ball and baseball that man is Coach Dick Crozier. No other man in the State has trained basket-ball teams which have been as uniformly successful as Crozier's Wake Forest teams. The team for this year has been no exception to the rule that Crozier's teams are trained to win. It is now accepted in basket-ball circles that Crozier can be depended upon to have a team as good as the best—perhaps a little better, though the statement may sound like an Irishman. In baseball Crozier after several years' absence returns this year to activity on the diamond. His past record shows that he knows the game and knows how to bring the men into form. Keep your eye upon the Wake Forest team. Crozier has the material this year, and the men have a trainer.



J. RICHARD CROZIER





HALL, BASKETBALL



MOORE, FOOTBALL



BIRD, TRACK



BILLINGS, BASEBALL

FOOT



BALL



MISS. SMITH
Sponsor
FOOTBALL



Football Squad

TRUST

DIXON

PARKER

PAGE

BILLINGS

BLACKMAN

RIDDICK

OLIVE

SMITH, *Coach*

CARLTON, *Manager*

MOORE, *Captain*

LEE

ABERNETHY

WITHERINGTON

POWELL

ROWE

HARRIS

JORDAN

BEAM

MYERS

WATKINS

Football

A fast, well balanced, and plucky team represented Wake Forest on the gridiron the past season. Dr. Wilbur C. Smith, acting as coach, turned out one of the best elevens that Wake Forest has seen in years. Throughout the State, and in fact everywhere it played, the team made a name for itself as being one of the pluckiest elevens in the game.

Seven games were played, resulting in Wake Forest's winning two, losing four, and forfeiting the Thanksgiving game to Davidson.

The season opened October 3 in Raleigh with Wake Forest losing to the strong A. and M. eleven by a score of 51 to 0. The following Saturday Wake Forest met the eleven from the Training Ship Franklin on the home field, and registered their first victory of the season by defeating the sailors 13 to 0. On October 24 the Baptists were given the most severe drubbing of the season by Washington and Lee at Lexington, the score ending 72 to 0.

Returning home, Wake Forest surprised every one by winning from the fast Roanoke team a week later. Three touchdowns and one goal gave Wake Forest the long end of a 19 to 0 score. With everybody confident of victory Wake Forest next went up against the University of South Carolina at Columbia. The score again surprised every one, for Wake Forest, instead of winning, lost to the Gamecocks, 26 to 0.

In Raleigh, November 14, Wake Forest put up by far the greatest game they had played so far in the season. They started the State by holding Carolina's much talked of eleven to a 12 to 7 score.

The annual Thanksgiving game with Davidson was played in Charlotte, November 26. Although the referee ruled the game forfeited to Davidson 1 to 0, all who witnessed the game conceded the victory to Wake Forest. With the score 6 to 0 in Wake Forest's favor and the ball in Davidson's possession on Wake Forest's thirty-five yard line, the umpire blew his whistle for play to stop, but Davidson continued to play. When the Davidson man was given the ball no one attempted to stop him, and when the referee ruled that it counted as a touchdown Wake Forest refused to continue the game. Referee Sampson then forfeited the game to Davidson.



BASKET/BALL



MISS THEO THOMPSON
Sponsor
BASKET-BALL



Basket-ball Squad

CROZIER, *Couch*

DAVIS

BEAM

HALL, *Captain*

FRANKS

BILLINGS

HENSLEY

CARRICK, *Manager*

HOLDING

WHITEHURST

Basket-ball

Although Wake Forest lost the State championship to Elon on a technical point, they had an unusually good season, and it is believed that everybody will concede them to have one of the best teams in the State.

Wake Forest played sixteen games the past season, losing one game to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, one to Trinity at Durham, one to Elon on their home floor, and one to the Greensboro Y. M. C. A. in Greensboro. Six Y. M. C. A. games were played, the Baptists winning five and losing one. Ten college quints were played with the following results:

University of North Carolina defeated in Raleigh January 16, 26 to 23; February 2, Wake Forest defeated in Chapel Hill, 32 to 20; February 11, Carolina defeated in the third game at Wake Forest, 30 to 25. The first game with Elon was lost by a score of 35 to 12; the second game at Wake Forest resulted in a 30 to 23 Baptist victory. The first game with Trinity, at Durham, was lost, 28 to 27; the second game at Wake Forest was won, 23 to 12. Atlantic Christian College, Carson and Newman, and the University of South Carolina, were defeated in the one game played with each.

Wake Forest won exactly three-fourths of her games, giving a percentage of 750 for the entire season. Two out of three games were taken from Carolina, and Trinity and Elon were both tied in the two games played with each.

The team scored during the season 587 points to their opponents' 123. The regular line-up for the season was Captain Hall and Holding, forwards; Carrick, center; Davis and Hensley, guards. Beum, forward, Franks, center, and Billings and Whitehurst, guards, did excellent work when called upon to replace the regulars. Of these, Billings and Franks earned their letters. This was the first year in the squad for Carrick, Franks and Whitehurst, while each of the other six men has seen three years' service.

BASE BALL

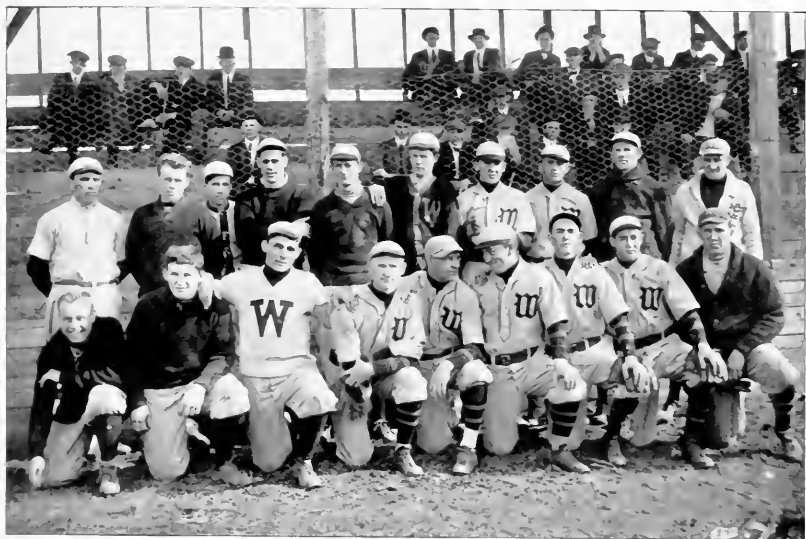




MISS SWANNANOA HESTER

Sponsor

BASEBALL



Baseball Squad

MOORE

CUTHRELL

SMITH

HOLDING

HUNTLEY

HALL

WHITLEY

HARRIS

DANIEL

BILLINGS, *Captain*

THOMPSON, *Couch*

STRINGFIELD

ROBESON

EDWARDS

TRUST

FERREE

SAVAGE

RIDDICK

LEE

Baseball

From a standpoint of games won and lost the 1914 baseball team did not have a very successful season, for throughout the entire spring a jinx seemed to be in the Baptist camp. From the time the first game was lost to Horner, until A. & M. got away with the last game of the year by a score of 1 to 0, the Baptists were unable to shake it off.

Time after time Wake Forest lost games by a margin of one or two points. Often when everybody conceded the game to Wake Forest, the ninth inning would roll around and find the Baptists at the short end of the score, due often to some prank of Dame Luck.

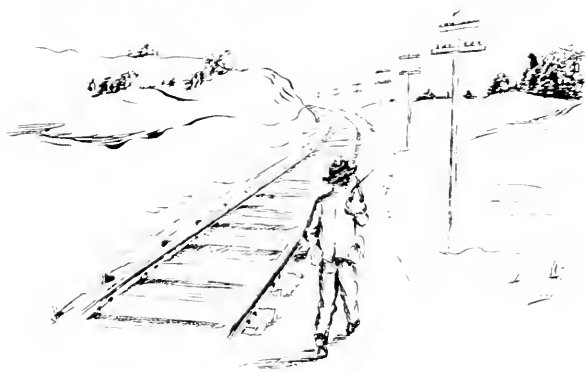
Two games were lost to Carolina, each by a margin of one point. The stick work of Woodall gave Carolina the first game by a 2 to 1 score. The second game in Raleigh was lost by a 3 to 2 score. Wake Forest, needing one run to tie the game, got two singles and a two-base hit in the last inning, but was unable even to reach third base.

Wake Forest broke even in the two games played with Trinity, and dropped the entire series of three games played with A. & M.

The record set by Cuthrell, the premier pitcher of the season, in the game against the University of West Virginia, will always be remembered. After the second man up had tripled to left field, Cuthrell struck out the next fourteen batters in order, a feat seldom equaled in baseball.

The following men constituted the lineup for the year: Daniel, catcher; Holding, first base; Hensley, Whitley, second base; Billings, shortstop; Stringfield, third base; Trust, Lee, Ferree, Edwards, outfield; Cuthrell, Moore, Humbley, Smith, pitchers.

TRACK





MISS HILDA GOSNEY
Sponsor
TRACK



Track Squad

	WARREN	WILSON	
	GREGORY	HORGGOOD	
	POWELL	ROWE	
INSOE	HENSLEY, <i>Manager</i>	YATES	
HAYNES	LANGSTON, <i>Coach</i>	COGIN	
FERRELL	BIRD, <i>Captain</i>	JOHNSON	
BEAL		HAYNES	
CHILDRRESS	ALDERMAN		
BLACKMAN	DANIEL		

Track

No form of athletics has played a greater part in the world's history than track. It was the favorite sport of the most cultured people the world has ever known.

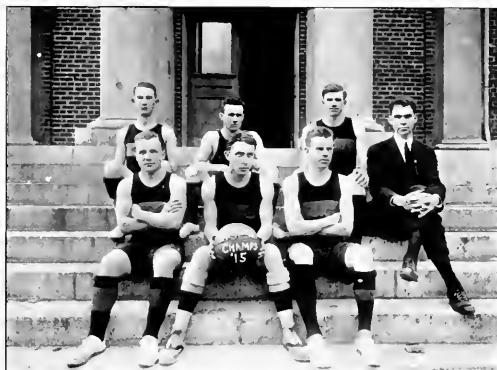
Today, since track athletics has been revived, it seems to have lost its place as the most popular sport. This should not be true, especially in our college. No form of athletics mixes better with scholarship than track. This is clearly demonstrated at Wake Forest by the fact that a track man has won the Hubert A. Royster medal for the best combination of scholarship and athletics every year since the medal has been given.

However, at Wake Forest track is the least encouraged of all the forms of athletics. The men have no coach, and in addition, must furnish their own outfit.

The team of 1914 was given only two meets for the entire year, and both of these were with A. & M., a college twice our size. In spite of this, our team came within only a few points of defeating its opponent in both meets. Of this team Tyner was the particular star, while Horn, Hart, Harris, Langston and Britton were close behind. Hart, Harris and Powell won letters while Tyner, Horn, Britton and Langston added stars to the letters already won.

The only members of the 1914 team who are with us this year are Harris, Powell, Daniel, Bird, and Inscore. The rest of the team, though made up of new material, is showing up well. The squad is much larger than usual this year and is being trained by Langston, a former star of the team. More meets have been scheduled than for last year, and the indications are that Wake Forest will show up creditably in all these meets.

Class Athletics



SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM



LAWYERS BASKET-BALL TEAM



WEARERS OF "W"



CARLTON, FOOT BALL



CARRICK, BASKET BALL

ATHLETIC MANAGERS

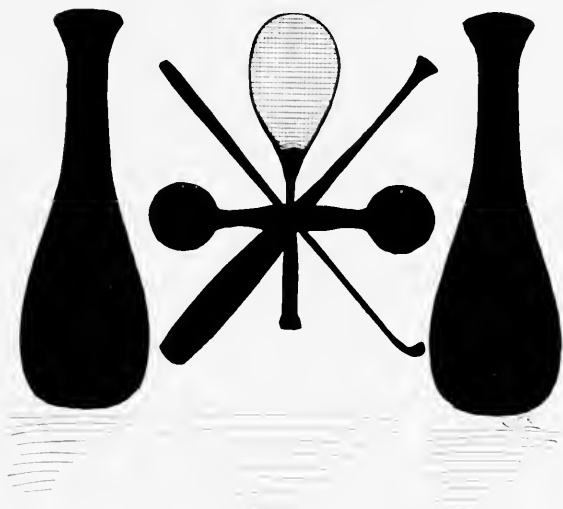


RIDDICK, BASE BALL



HENSELY, TRACK

CLUBS





Wake Forest College Glee Club and Orchestra

H. M. POTLATE, '06, Director
C. O. RIDDIK, '16, Business Manager
E. S. HUTCHINS, '17, Assistant Business Manager

Glee Club

First Tenor

R. S. BRITTON, '17
B. C. INGRAM, '17
B. O. MYERS, '15
A. P. SLEDD, '16
J. B. WHITLEY, '16

Second Tenor

T. A. AVERA, '15
E. F. CULLOM, '18
J. R. HALL, JR., '15
A. D. McFADYEN, '16
L. T. STALLINGS, JR., '16
W. B. WRIGHT, '16

First Bass

C. W. CAMERON, '15
J. M. KESLER, '16
H. M. POTLATE, '06
L. E. SPRINGFIELD, '18
C. C. WARREN, '17

Second Bass

W. G. DOTSON, '15
C. P. HERRING, '17
R. K. REDWINE, '16
G. F. STROUD, '16
T. M. WATSON, '17
E. J. WILLIAMS, '15

Orchestra

First Violin { H. M. POTLATE
 { A. F. POPE, '17

Second Violin - G. F. STROUD

First Clarinet - L. E. SPRINGFIELD

Second Clarinet - E. L. MORGAN, '18

Drums - C. C. WARREN

First Cornet - J. R. HALL, JR.

Second Cornet - B. C. INGRAM

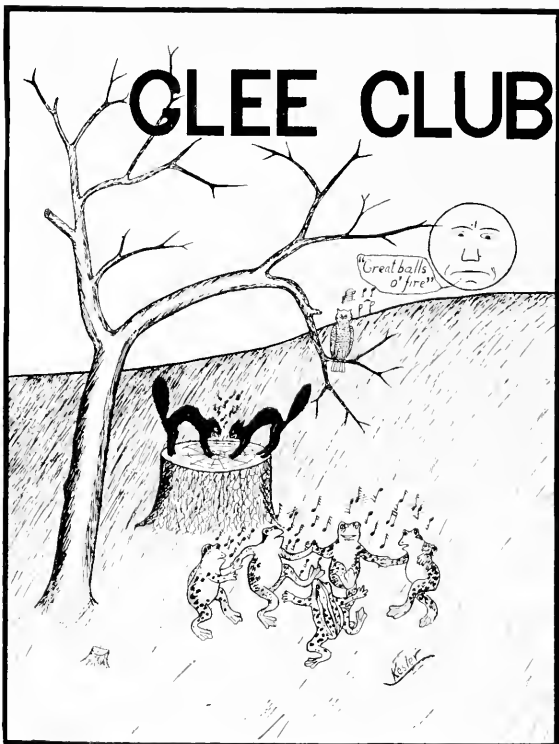
French Horn - J. M. KESLER

Trombone - M. W. EGERTON, '17

 { C. P. HERRING

Philo - E. F. CULLOM

GLEE CLUB





Scholarship Club

WRIGHT
WHITLEY
BOOE . . .
BYENS
THOMPSON
SINCLAIR . .
DIXON . .
BILLINGS
CANADY
BANKS . .
BIGGS . .
LEE
WARD
HUTCHINS
YATES

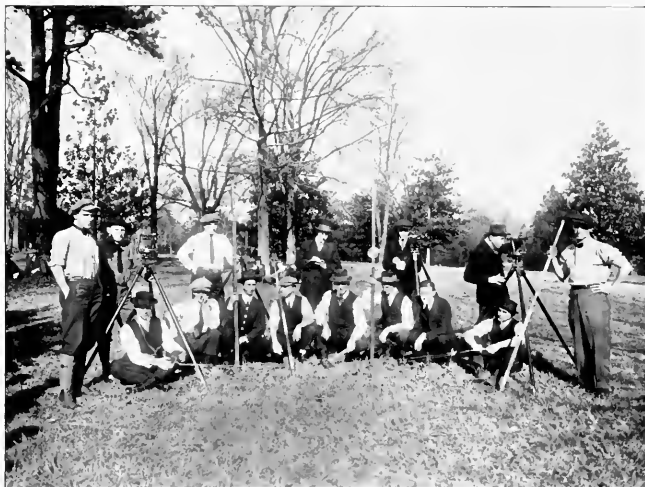
GLADNEY
MOORE
HUMBER

NEWTON
WHITAKER
MOSS

BRYSON
MUSE
QUILLIN

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Historian
"Sport"
"Chaplain"
"Reader"
"Politician"
"Headlight"
"Just a Newish"

Committee on Reciprocities



Engineering Corps

DOTSON,	Resident Engineer
WARD,	Chief Engineer
KESLER,	Transitman
RIDDICK, CHARLES,	Transitman
RIDDICK, ALLEN,	Compassman
BIRD,	Levelman
GREGORY)	
LEE)	Chainmen
CHAPPELL)	
TAYLOR)	
POPE)	
STYLES)	Rodmen
FERRELL,	Draftsman
SLEDD,	Head Lineman
CANADY,	Axeman



Scientific Society

WARD

KESLER

FERRELL

RIDDICK

LEE

CARRICK

DOTSON



Citizens' Club

HOLDING, W. W., JR.

President

WHITLEY, *Vice-President*

ALLEN, *Secretary*

CULLOM, *Treasurer*

GRIGGS, *Chaplain*

DAVIS

FRYAR, W.

McDUFFY

HOLDING, R.

MITCHELL

POWELL

THOMPSON

WHITLEY, J. B.

DR. H. M. POTEAT

SLEDD

DICKSON

CARLYLE



The Book Worm Club

Motto: "Don't do today what you can do tomorrow"

Aim: To kill time

Meeting place: Dean's office

Favorite drink: "Dope"

Favorite toast: "Here's to the worm that never squirms"

Favorite smoke: "Home Runs"

Favorite saying: "We should worry"

Lucky number: 13

<i>Members</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Nickname</i>
APPERSON	<i>President</i>	"Skinny"
BELL	<i>Vice-President</i>	"Runt"
BLANCHARD	<i>Secretary</i>	"Pup"
EDWARDS	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	"Jay Bird"
HOLDING	<i>Treasurer</i>	"Bill"
HUTCHINS	<i>Orator</i>	"Senator"
JOHNSTON	<i>Historian</i>	"Jack"
LEE	<i>Prophet</i>	"Sing"
PARKER	<i>Poet</i>	"Fat Head"
McFADYEN	<i>Chaplain</i>	"Mac"
SAUNDERS	<i>Door-keeper</i>	"Bob"
Savage	<i>Critic</i>	"Pill"
WHITEHEAD	<i>Sponsor</i>	"Sea Breeze"



The Eastern Stars

Motto: When the sun goes down we shine

Song: Star of the East

Purpose: To light up the Campus

Flower: Four Roses

Officers

J. ROY PARKER, President

H. E. LANE, Secretary

J. G. VANN, Treasurer

Members

JOHN GATLING....
 JERRY NEWBOLD.
 LEE PARKER /
 CHARLIE PARKER /
 CHARLIE WARD /
 BILL WHITE /
 GRAVES VANN /
 CHARLES WATSON /
 "BABY" BRITTON /
 "TWITSHEIT" LANE.
 ROY PARKER
 TOM APPERSON /
 ERICK BELL /

President Senior Class
 "Cradle Snatcher" and "Laundry King"
 Society Kings
 Torchbearers
 President of Newish Class
 Plain Newishes
 The Deerslayer
 "Our clothes are the Classiest" B. F. C.Co.
 Intruders

In Memoriam

PRESTON JOSEPH MUMFORD

Born January 27, 1895

Died January 6, 1915

ROBERT BASKERVILLE HAYES

Born March 28, 1895

Died February 21, 1915





"OUR ANNUAL"

Caught in the Act

"Pinkey" Prevette without his cane.
John Canady when he wasn't running for office.
"Jock" Duncan with his mouth shut.
Baird Edwards buying a book.
C. Thomas telling a joke.
Lon. Brown at the Grand.
Professor Johns keeping his History class awake.
"Newish" Martin without his red sox.
Dr. Gorrell at the movies.
"Newish Library" Owens without his chewing gum.
"Newish" Woodward awake ten minutes without asking a question.
I. T. Johnston without a copy of the *News and Observer*.
Professor Nowell missing his Saturday night trip to Raleigh.
Carey Hunter at class on time.
Gifty Stallings at preaching.
Professor Herbert Taylor cutting the movies.
John Hunter in a hurry.
"Newish" Eaddy silent twenty-one seconds.
"Newish" Earle Hamrick awake on History I.
"Red" Banks in the library without a collar and tie.
"Sky" Griggs swiping Dr. Gorrell's tobacco can.
Corbett using a word of less than five syllables.
Ferdie Johnson without his pipe.
Professor McCutcheon out with a lady.
Charles Riddick and Fleet Williams dancing.
Hobgood answering a question on Bible.
Fleet Williams out of bed in time for a first period class (only once).
Hunk Smith at the drug store.
Ben Ingram off the hill in search of Daisies.
Ben Covington cutting Physics.
Bill Jones bareheaded.
Mig Billings making a speech.
Teague smiling—before he got married.
Will Harris at the Movies.
Victor Johnson singing.
John Savage looking "sweet."

When Reddy Starred

It was inevitable that he should be called "Reddy." The first time his red head shone at the station that September day which began his college life, some quick-sighted Sophomore yelled "Reddy." The crowd took up the yell. And all the speices of Arabia could not wipe out the cognomen. "Reddy's" fondness for red ties, a red sweater, and, when spring-time came and with it the exhibition of oxfords, for red socks, clinched the title. And "Reddy" he was through four strenuous years; and on the day

There's the rub! To tell his name is only to begin his story. For why should a man stay in college four years and have the name "Reddy" and have no story? If one should, four years of no, two thousand dollars of somebody's money is wasted and the world of literature not enriched thereby.

Every story, however, must have a beginning. And this story of "Reddy's" which became an almost inseparable part of college history, began in a Western North Carolina village.

It was nearly train time. A red-headed boy. Yes, it was he who was to be called "Reddy"; didn't want to deceive you, Dear Reader? was at the little station. He carried a suit case. Frequently he listened intently or glanced expectantly up the railroad track. A small crowd had collected to see the train; some out of curiosity, but not all. The careful observer could pick out the parents of the boy about to depart for college; the gray-haired, bearded, grave-faced man and the kindly woman with tear-stained, wrinkled cheeks. Perhaps a very keenly trained eye would have seen the girl who stood in the background, apparently unconcerned, but with a something only half hidden in her furtive glances at the boy.

"Harold!"

No, he was not "Reddy" yet, or at least the name had not yet been bestowed. He was Harold, the son of his parents. But the resolution that made him the "Reddy" with a story was about to be born or awakened; "longings, yearnings, strivings" were about to begin.

"Harold!"

"Yes, mother."

"When you get to college you must be a good boy and do your best."

"Yes, I will, mother."

"And remember," she continued, pride striving with her tears, "I am expecting great things of you. I am expecting you to make your mark at college; win some honor that will make father and me proud of you."

The silent man only looked farther away. No mind could read his father's heart. And just then, something like a giggle was heard near by. Harold

turned. He saw the girl,—the girl who had twisted him about her little finger, who with that unfathomable perversity common to her sex, had led him through numerous tortures. He then looked back at his mother. And, prompted by a combination of the tenderest feeling a man can have and the bitterest and most vindictive, he put his hand in his mother's hand, kissed her, and answered convincingly.

"I will, mother, if trying will count."

Harold of the hills was whisked away to his destiny as the train pulled out. Call him no more Harold, but "Reddy" shall be his name. And a combination of Abe Lincoln, Billy Bryan, and Willie Robbins shall be given to the world.

"Reddy's" career at college began rather auspiciously,—or inauspiciously, it depends on the point of view; for he soon became the best known Freshman in college. Nor did he seek to avoid notoriety. Rather, he gloried in his popularity and every "Reddy" shouted across the campus he took as added recognition of his budding, and soon-to-be blooming, greatness.

Reddy was a good student. He left Math. I, the burden of many a Freshman's soul, until his senior year. He always smiled slyly when this fact was mentioned, as if this arrangement of his schedule was in itself a stroke of genius; and he looked with disdain upon those who struggled over Trig. while they walked through the maze of pristine freshness. Reddy was faithful to his duties, and therefore, stood high in the favor of the authorities that be.

But what was it that differentiated him most particularly from his fellows? "Reddy" remembered in his heart a resolution made at a railway station in the hills. And he decided that no opportunity to make it good should slip by. When the football season came, he donned a suit and labored on the gridiron till the coach said "skiddoo." He then sweated and struggled on the basketball floor until eliminated. When springtime came and athletic activities were transferred to the amphitheatre of out-of-doors, he became an enthusiastic candidate for both track and baseball; but he was unanimously defeated.

Nor was he idle when the shades of night hung low and the crowds trooped to the drug store and the movies, or made to reverberate through the pines that tune so terrorizing to every Freshman. He appeared on the floor at society every session and spoke as long as the time limit permitted. And when the Freshman contest and the spring election drew on, he entered the contest for the Freshman medal and for Sophomore debater at the Junior-Sophomore debate the next fall. The medal went to another; and he was defeated for debater by five votes.

"Reddy" came back as a Sophomore with his resolution not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," but only strengthened by a summer in the hills. Though he tried again for fame on the field of athletic conflict, for medals both with tongue and pen, for elective honors in the uncertain theatre of college politics, he met with failure on every hand.

As a Junior, he began anew his seemingly untiring efforts. The entire student body watched him with a kind of "I-told-you-so" air; and though some sadly shook their heads and a few admired his optimistic spirit, most looked upon him

as a joke. Soon another year was ended, and only one out of the four was left in which he might achieve his greatness.

And as his Senior year slipped by, one well might wonder if "Reddy" did not sometimes doubt the achievement of any success. However, no field of competition failed to find him there, no preliminary lacked the sound of his voice, no political contest in which he was eligible to participate ended till "Reddy" had thrown his hat into the ring. But the same result always followed. And thus was given to the world that part of his character which resembled the "boy orator of the Platte," quadrennial candidate for the presidency. We have yet to add the success which placed him beside "Honest Abe," who said he owed everything to his mother, and ended a conflict similar to that which sent O. Henry's Willie Robbins to tropical battle-fields that he might say when he returned to the girl who had sneered at him, "*I guess I might if I tried!*"

"Reddy's" Math. I was the bane of his Senior year. Quiz after quiz found his mark below 75 and even destroyed the one remaining hope of "*Cum Laude*" on Commencement Day. But he said that he would redeem himself on the final examination. At last the day for that test arrived. It was the last day of the examination and only two days before Commencement. "Reddy" requested the professor to look over his paper at once to see whether he had made the required grade. The professor did so; "Reddy's" grade was 10! And thus it seemed that as a tragic and yet fitting climax to his career of failures, failure to graduate was to be his fate.

"Reddy" had received a letter that day telling him that his parents were coming to see him graduate. The girl, too, a student at a near-by female college, would doubtless be present, as the students of that college were coming in a body.

A faculty meeting was called to give final approval to all the applicants for diplomas. "Reddy's" case came up. Several members of the faculty, especially the professor of Latin, who had watched his career, favored allowing him to graduate anyway. But the professor of Mathematics arose.

"No," he said, "a man who can't pass my work after he has had my instruction cannot have my consent to receive a diploma. I would be giving my approval to an untruth."

But before that faculty meeting was ended, two important messages were received. The first was from "Reddy" himself, asking for another chance at the Math. examination. After some discussion this was granted and the time for it set at eight o'clock that night. The other message stated that one of the six men from the Senior Class who were to deliver addresses the next morning had been taken seriously ill.

The professor of Latin, after a moment's meditation, arose.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've watched this fellow 'Reddy' since he has been in college. I've admired his pluck and get-up. Why not substitute him for Gibbs tomorrow and let him speak?"

"But," protested the professor of Mathematics, "how do we know that he is going to graduate?"

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the professor of Latin, "What does that matter? Has every Commencement speaker received a diploma? And if he doesn't graduate, it will be some recompense to him for all his failure,—and a tribute to his pluck."

And so it was settled.

The Math. examination came off at eight o'clock. "Reddy" insisted that the professor tell him his grade as soon as he handed in his paper; but the professor demurred.

"You will be on the stage tomorrow anyway," he said, "and as you are going to speak, you don't want any worry over failure or elevation over success to bother you tonight."

Commencement morning dawned. "Reddy's" parents arrived on an early train. On the same train came the student body of Waite College; and among the giggling collection of femininity was the girl of "Reddy's" dreams.

The crowd gravitated to Memorial Hall. Fond parents, bright-eyed sweet-hearts, alumni living again happy memories, philosophical undergraduates, all mingled together. Eager eyes, envious eyes, indifferent eyes, were upon the Seniors as they took their places on the platform. And "Reddy's" head shone in the firmament he had dreamed of for four years. He was among the six, the favored six, who were to charm the audience with their oratory in competition for the B. E. Harding medal, the most coveted prize in the entire galaxy. He had memorized a speech the preceding summer when his hopes of being Anniversary Orator were high. And now he was going to deliver that speech, though not as he had planned.

"Reddy's" speech came last. When he had finished surprise was stamped on the faces of many of his fellow-students. They had expected him to forget his speech.

The decision of the judges was handed to the president. According to custom, the medal was to be delivered to the successful man along with his diploma. As usual, curiosity ran high.

"Reddy's" heart, which had been fluttering painfully as he remembered Math. and as he thought of those eyes in the audience which were fixed upon him, suddenly gave a great leap. The president had called his name. And what was he saying?

"*Cum Laude*," said the president in his deep tones. And then: "This man stood an examination last night in order to join this class. The professor who gave the examination informs me that he handed in a perfect paper."

The president paused. Then he held up something, and smiled.

"This man," he went on, "was substituted for Mr. Gibbs as one of the six speakers of the morning. Despite the fact of his late entry into the contest, he acquitted himself with distinction, as you know,—and so the judges have decided. I take great pleasure in presenting him the B. E. Harding medal; and I believe you will second my heartiest congratulations."

And then a burst of enthusiastic applause swept over the building. "Reddy" saw not the array of spring hats, the stylish dresses, the smartly cut suits. He

saw only a maze of faces of those who applauded him and bore on their cheers his soul to the stars. "Reddy" was happy, happier even than he had fondly anticipated he would be when he carried home the College Annual and looked over his mother's shoulder as she proudly read the long list of honors beneath his name.

The exercises were over. Through a labyrinth of extended hands "Reddy" made his way to his mother. He carried with him his medal as proudly as the "boy orator of the Platte" carries the premiership of State to cabinet meetings in the White House. When he reached his mother, prompted by the Lincoln in his make-up, he pressed the medal into her hand.

And what became of Willie Robbins? Turning his head, "Reddy" saw the girl standing near by. The haughty words which he had rehearsed so often sprang to his lips; but they died there as he saw something in her eyes. The Willie Robbins in his character disappeared as he grasped the hand she extended and held it in his own.



DR. CULLOM (*in Bible*): "Who was Zacharias?"

BLANCHARD: "Wasn't he the one that climbed the sycamore tree?"

GATLING (*in electing officers*): "Mr. President, I move we elect him by nomination."

BUCKNER, on his way to the A & M football game stopped on the sidewalk in front of St. Mary's and said: "I would rather look at the scenery here than go to a football game."

PINKY (*to lady on the train*): "Are you going to the Fair?"

SHE: "Yes."

PINKY: "You are fair enough for me."

"NEWISH" WOODWARD: "She does not seem very bright."

SENIOR BRADY: "Boncheed, that's my best girl, and we are engaged."

"NEWISH" WOODWARD: "Well, don't tell me I can't size up people."

HAYES: "Who wrote Franklin's Autobiography?"

HAMPTON: "I don't know."

HAYES: "Well, who wrote Governor Aycock's?"

HAMPTON: "I think it was Clarence Poe."

Ask Inscoc why Bennett's girl's uncle's baby's name is Linwood.

BIG BOWEN (*at Meredith*): "I sure do like this red lemonade."

COLSTON: "Man, you look all worn out. Are you overworked?"

"SKY" POWELL: "I'm studying for a minister."

COLSTON: "Thunder, why don't you let him study for himself?"

"Doc" HOWELL *looking over a specimen in the dissecting room* : "Where are my brains?"

DR. SMITH: "I have often wondered that myself."

OXFORD LADY *discussing the football game with Douell* : "What college is the Battleship Franklin from?"

DOWELL *(in meditation)* : "I really don't know."

BENNETT: "Did you ever hear a girl say, 'O I was perfectly furious?'"

INSOGE: "Yes, but I never knew what she meant."

BENNETT: "Why, that's the word used to express the pleasure she experiences when she is kissed."

SOPH EGERTON *shouting in on the train* : "Lady, we are going the same way; why not be sociable?"

SHE: "Sure! have a seat. My husband is in the smoker, but he'll be back soon."

PROF. MCCUTHEON *on English I* : "What did Cashman write?"

SYKES: "He wrote Genesis and Exodus."

Get that cussed grouch off your face and smile once.

NEWISH QUILLIN: "The gentleman of the opposition has misrepresented me."

NEWISH MALLARD: "I deny the allegation and I defy the alligator."

"SKY" THOMAS: "What do you think about dancing?"

PARSON PAGE: "Ever since the Sophomores danced me when I was a 'Newish,' I have thought dancing was a work of the devil."

NEWISH MITCHELL *on German* : "Dr. Johns, when do you use the article?"

I wonder if Bill Harrington has ever found out whether or not there is a Lab. to Philosophy 1?

NEWISH LITCHFIELD wants to know if the Baptist State Convention is held by all denominations.

DR. POTEAU *on Latin* : "Why don't you use *ut* after verbs of saying?"

NEWISH HAYNES: "Because I used it that way one time."

DR. POTEAU: "Yes, I see; and you haven't forgotten the cursing you got for it."

NEWISH MORGAN *on seeing a locus not* : "What river is near here? I see the same hanging out to dry."

NEWISH HEAFNER: "Pass the steak, please."

SOPH. HENTER: "Drive the old cow up this way; the calf is hungry."

DUNCAN would like to know why the Greek class laughed when Dr. Paschal told him to call a horse trainer a jockey.

BOOE *reading "Last Days of Pompeii"* : "What was Pompeii anyway?"

BOBBITT: "Blest if I know; but I thought it was a volcano."

FRESHMAN: "Pass the cream, please."

SENIOR: "Bring me a pitcher of calf joy."

RUSS: "Do you approve of dancing?"

MEREDITH LADY: "No."

RUSS: "Why not?"

SHE: "Why it's nothing but hugging set to music."

RUSS: "Well, what is there about that you don't like?"

SHE: "The music."

DR. POTEAT: "Professor Lake, aren't you getting cold on the damp ground?"

PROF. LAKE (*sitting for a campus picture*): "No, I am sitting on something dry: I have a physics book under me."

PROF. LAKE was right.

This is no joke—But please LAUGH.

"JOCK" DUNCAN wrote the following on a postal card to a lost love.

Here's to the place where I met you.

The place where I've longed again to come:

But it seems that I must forget you,

And o'er this boundless world forever roam.

P. S. One consolation, time has an end.

Use Barker's Nerve and Bone Liniment for bruises, sprains, wounds and old sores.

Wanted, a new girl for Duncan: any old girl will do.

GIFTIE STRINGFIELD (*calling at Dr. Gorrell's home*) said: Good morning, Mr. Phinxus, is Dr. Gorrell at home?"

"LONG" HAIR: "I want to rent a room."

PROPRIETOR: "How long, sir?"

"LONG" HAIR: "Oh! about six feet."

SOPH. RITTENHOUSE was in physics class chewing gum and with his feet on top of the bench in front when Professor Lake said: "Mr. Rittenhouse, suppose you throw that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

"RUNT" CASHWELL: "Good day for the race, isn't it?"

"RUNT" CAUSEY: "What race?"

"RUNT" CASHWELL: "The human race."

BRYSON: "Are you taking Bacteriology?"

GIFTIE MILLER: "Why no, not exactly, but I have been exposed to it."

JOHN SAVAGE: "Who is going to pay my way to the movies? Don't everybody speak at once."

PROF. LANNEAU (*on observing the stars*): "That star is several billions of miles from us. Mr. Hunter, you didn't know you could see that far, did you?"

HUNTER: "Yes, sir; I can see farther than that."

PROF. LANNEAU: "How far can you see, then?"

HUNTER: "I can see all the way up there and all the way back."

WANTED—a voice teacher. L. O. CORBETT.

DR. H. POTEAT (*in Latin*): "When did Seneca live?"

"NEWISH" LITCHFIELD: "I think it was before the flood."

If you don't find all your "bones" in this collection don't feel slighted.
Even an editor can't find out everything.

WAKE FOREST LADY (*receiving a bunch of flowers on Anniversary*): "O, they are so nice and fresh! They seem to have some dew on them yet."

"SKY" CARTER: "Er—yes'm—but I'll pay that tomorrow."

When a Wake Forest sport received a letter from home accompanied by one lonesome dollar bill, in a despondent mood, he sang: "O, where are the ninety and nine?"

"Doc" HENSLEY: "What is going to be your plan to make medicine a success?"

"Doc" GYLES: "I'll treat a positive ill; prescribe a comparative pill; and submit a superlative bill."

WESTON: "Old fellow, I'd like for you to join the Eu. Society."

"NEWISH" CALL: "No, I guess I won't jine, I signed a pledge that I'd not git into the Frats."

SHE: "O, sir, catch that man! He wanted to kiss me."

CHIEF BOBBITT (*holding on a goods bar*): "That's all right. There'll be another one along in a few minutes."

C. W. PARKER (*in Raleigh without any money*): "Say, I know what I will do; I will register under a consumed name."

C. W. PARKER says Dr. Sikos's *cability* is unquestioned.

"NEWISH" WATSON: "Say, Mister, can you tell me where the Campus is?"

PROF. JOHNS: "Mr Watson, who was Thomas Jefferson?"

"NEWISH" WATSON: "He was President of the Confederate States."

On approaching J. M. Gatling's room, he was soliloquizing thus: "In 1925 I will be President of the United States."

DR. SMITH: "Mr. Britton, you have a chest like a canary bird."

"NEWISH" BRITTON: "Dr., do you think I can make the Glee Club?"

SOPHOMORE WARD: "Say, cut the water off so it can get hot."

"NEWISH" EADDY: "Wait and let me turn all the cold out of the pipes."

Lest we forget that Newish Eaddy met the "Shoo-fly" at 2:45 a. m.

Lest we forget that the Faculty cut Chapel February 27.

Lest we forget that "Newish" Watson went to "Sunrise."

Lest we forget that "Sky" Braun has bought a hat.

Lest we forget that C. C. Ward is a Senior.

"NEWISH" WOODWARD: "I do not understand why there is always a streak down my pants legs when they come back from the pressing club."

C. C. WARD: "Dr. Sikos, why are you bald-headed?"

DR. SIKOS: "I had my preference between being bald and red-headed, so I chose to be bald."

NEWBOLD, J. M.: "Why is Newish Eaddy's mouth like a modern chauffeur?"

HAMIS, W. A.: "Because it often exceeds the speed limit."

SAVAGE, J. G.: "What is the difference between Charles Riddick's mouth and the mast on a ship?"

RETTENHOUSE: "The mast is the first thing that comes in sight; and Riddick's mouth is the first thing that comes in hearing."

SEXTON (*to his local girl*): "I suppose if I kissed you you would never speak to me again?"

SHE: "Why do you always look on the dark side of things?"

DR. JOHNS (*on History I*): "Mr. Josey, when did the first Christian missionaries come to England?"

JOHN NAPOLEON JOSEY: "I think it was 33 B. C."

CHARLES RIDDICK: "Have you made arrangements for your dress suit?"

"NEWISH" MORGAN: "No, but I have had my measure taken."

BILL JONES (*waiting near a fruit stand with his girl*).

SHE: "My! don't those apples look good over there?"

BILL: "That's right! Let's walk up there where we can see them better."

"What is a pessimist?"

"It's a man who has swallowed an egg; and he is afraid if he moves it will break; and if he sits still it will hatch."

RIDDICK, W. A. (*seeing a little negro boy entering the New Dormitory*): "Say, are you looking for me?"

LITTLE NEGRO: "Nah, sub, I 'se lookin' for a *whate* fellow up stairs."

"NEWISH" ERVIN (*at a Raleigh cafe*): "Do you serve lobsters here?"

WATTER: "Yes, sir. We serve anybody. Have a seat."

The following from Freshman sponsor at Meredith:

"Miss ——— at home. March 13, 1915."

"NEWISH" EADDY'S answer:

"DEAR MISS ——— I would be delighted to be at the Freshman reception, but if you are going home I can't come."

"NEWISH" OWENS: "What is a kiss anyway?"

"NEWISH" McCANN: "A noun—both common and proper."

DR. SIKES (*on Political Economy*): "Mr. Billings, what is meant by Stocks and Bonds?"

MIG BILLINGS (*rearing*): "Stocks means cattle and ——— and such like, and —"

DR. SIKES, "and Bonds?"

MIG: "Bonds is the place where you keep them."

Corbett was saying his parting words to his fair maid after Anniversary.

As the Shoo-Fly pulled into the yard he said, "Well, it goes without saying —You have had a good time since you have been at Wake Forest."

DR. CULLOM (*on Bible II*): "Mr. Johnson, give us a description of the Pauline church."

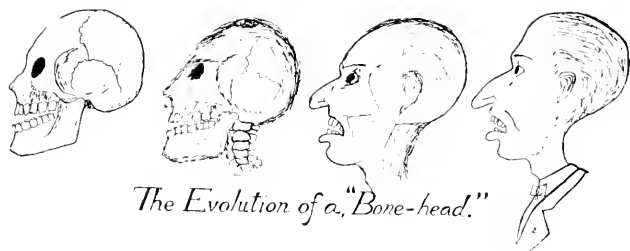
JACK JOHNSON: "I can't do it, Doctor. I haven't been attending the Perils of Pauline."

DR. SIKES (*on Government*): "What is meant by stable government?"

FEBREE: "That's when the party in power displays horse sense."

See "NEWISH" Eaddy for Biological terms.

"PINKEY" PRIVATE (*in Society*): "Mr. President, I would like to be excused to see a friend who is going away on the Shoo-Fly. I don't hope to see him any more for five years."



The Evolution of a, "Bone-head."

The Last Word

Thanks! First to you, gentle reader: it is a pleasure to have our book sell, and to have it read is an additional delight. If in your reading you have been disappointed, we are disconsolate. If you have been amused, we shall feel that our work is not without compensation.

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But with peculiar satisfaction does the Editorial Staff thank itself separately and collectively, for we have worked hard that this book might exist. We go to press conscious of our failures, with this last word for our sternest critic,

"Lo, here is a well-meant book"

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